

From Fraser's Magazine.

EVANGELINE, A TALE OF ACADIE.*

THIS is an American poem, full of beauties of really indigenous American growth; and we hail its appearance with the greater satisfaction, inasmuch as it is the first genuine Castalian fount which has burst from the soil of America. The verse-writers who have arisen among our Transatlantic cousins have produced many very graceful and pleasing lines, and some animated and stirring strains; but still they have done little more than imitate favorite poets of the old country. Echoes of the notes of Mrs. Hemans, and in blank verse, of Mr. Wordsworth, have been the most poetic sounds which the western gales have brought to us. Nor are we surprised at this. Some persons, perhaps, would expect that the new conditions and prospects of man and of society in the United States should give rise to a new spirit in every branch of literature; but those who have reflected how deep in past history lie the roots of all literary excellence, will not expect that anything of value can soon be produced by Anglo-American poets, which does not draw most of its life-blood from the ancient national heart, the English poetry of past ages: and though this is true of modern English poetry also, English writers seem hitherto to have more completely incorporated the historical life of the national mind into their being, so as to be ready to go on to new stages and forms of poetical thought and expression. However this may be, it cannot, we think, be denied, that the poetry hitherto published in America has been strongly marked with a derivative and imitative character; and that its beauties have been rather felicitous adaptations of the jewels of the English muses than any new gems brought to light from the rocks of the Alleghanies or the sands of the prairies. To this general remark, we conceive the poem of Mr. Longfellow, now before us, to be a happy exception. Not only are the scenes and the history American—an interest which belongs to many preceding poems (though quite as much to English as to American ones, witness *Wyoming*, and *Madoc*, and *Paraguay*): but the mode of narration has a peculiar and native simplicity; the local coloring is laid on with a broad and familiar brush, and heightened frequently by livelier touches which “stick fiery off,” and light up the whole picture.

Indeed, if there be any general character of imitation in *Evangeline*, it is rather with reference to German than to English models. Some features

of the story, or rather of the pictures, and of the mode of narration, bear so much of similarity to Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea*, that we cannot doubt Mr. Longfellow to have derived suggestion and impulse from that exquisite poem. Nor is it at all an unworthy course for an American poet, to take for his model the most perfect of domestic epics, the *Odyssey* of the nineteenth century—the poem more likely to be familiar with our grandchildren than any other which the past generation has produced.

There is, as we have said, a considerable similarity in several of the pictures of *Herman and Dorothea* and of *Evangeline*. In both we have the details of a simple rural life, and the loves of dwellers in small towns presented to us; and, perhaps, the little village of Grand-Pré, in Acadia, “on the shores of the basin of Minas,” had a closer resemblance in its names to the Rhine valleys, than could easily be found in England in modern times. In both the German and the American poem, the rural population is disturbed by the inflictions consequent upon a wide-wasting war:—that of the end and that of the middle of the last century. In both, the trials arising from this calamity bring into view the strength and beauty of the heroine's character. But in the course of the two stories there is a wide difference. In the German poem, it is the wanderings of the exiled villagers which bring Herman and Dorothea together; and after a few impediments and trials of temper, the narrative ends with their betrothal. The American legend commences with the betrothal ceremony of Evangeline Bellefontaine, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and Gabriel Lajeunesse, her neighbor, “the son of Basil the Blacksmith.” Immediately after this event the lovers are separated by the public calamity of which we have spoken; and the rest of the poem is occupied with Evangeline's faithful endeavors to rejoin her lover, whom, after many years, she finds, only to tend him on his death-bed. This story, it will be readily imagined, interests rather by the successive scenes and traits of character which it presents, than by the progress of the action, which is only the general progress through a life of sorrow to the repose of the grave. Indeed, we cannot help wishing that Mr. Longfellow had found the history of his villagers consummated by some of the more ordinary and vulgar forms of earthly happiness; that we might have been left, as in the great German poem to which we have referred, with a cheerful impression at the end. However, we have no doubt that Mr. Longfellow has merely represented the facts; and he, probably, considers that the solemnity and resignation which hang about the catastrophe are more truly poetical than it would

* *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (Boston.)

have been if the pair had been left to "live happily ever after."

The description of Evangeline at the outset of the poem tells us how fair she was on week-days, by means of several rural images; and that she was still fairer on Sunday morn, when—

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet
of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue,
and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
Homeward serenely she walk'd with God's benediction upon her.
When she had pass'd, it seem'd like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

The description of Evangeline after the calamity of her people, her father being dead and her lover lost, is naturally of a deeply saddened cast. The exiles were scattered to various quarters:—

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited
and wander'd,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering
all things.
Fair was she and young: but, alas! *before her* extended,
Dreary, and vast, and silent, the desert of Life,
with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed
and suffered *before her*,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead
and abandoned;
As the emigrant's way o'er the western desert is
marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach
in the sunshine.

We have taken the liberty of marking one sluggish passage in the versification, and one somewhat ungraceful repetition of phrase. We must trace poor Evangeline to her concluding phase, when she had sought her Gabriel through long years, amid the tents of Moravian missions, or the camps of hostile armies, in towns and in hamlets, and all in vain:

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the
long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it
ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from
her beauty,
Leaving behind it broader and deeper the gloom
and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of
gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly
horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the
morning.

As we have already intimated, this melancholy progression is, perhaps, likely to be felt as oppressive by common readers. But all, we think, must

be pleased with the vivid pictures of rural scenes and incidents, which have generally a highly picturesque local character. Such, for instance, are these fine expressions which describe the Mississippi, where the exiles, among other dreary wanderings, roam—

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where
the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down
to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of
the mammoth.

In another place, the descent of an American river is described, with its scenery:—

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands
where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they
swept with the current;
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery
sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the whimpering waves
of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of
the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and
dove-cots.

Many of the peculiar traits of American external nature come out in the way of images of internal feelings; as in the following beautiful simile, descriptive of the sad and indistinct forebodings of the exiles at a particular period of their wanderings:—

As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the
prairies,
*Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,*
So at the hoof-beats of Fate with sad forebodings
of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart ere the stroke of doom
has attained it.

Such images as these, so applied, are real additions to the ancient stock of poetical wealth.

Again, we must give another fine prairie scene:—

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran
a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of
the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly
descending:
Full in his track of light, *like ships with shadowy
canvass,*
*Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm
in the tropics,*
Stood a cluster of cotton-trees with cordage of
grape-vines.

We have, perhaps, given sufficient specimens of the peculiar picturesqueness of this poem. Of the story, after what we have said, it will hardly be expected that we should give extracts. We may quote a passage where Evangeline with her

guide, Father Felician, once more discover their old friend, Basil the blacksmith, transformed into an opulent herdsman in the southern part of the course of the Atchafalaya :—

Just where the woodlands met the flowery *surf* of
the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and
stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, array'd in gaiters and doublet of
doeskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the
Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look
of its master.

Basil—for this was he—informs Evangeline that his son Gabriel, sorrowful and restless with the memory of her, had set out a few days before on a voyage up the river down which she had descended. It appears that they had missed each other only by taking opposite sides of one of the islands which lie in the river. The marring the happiness of the lovers by a mere accident like this (for, as we have said, their terrestrial happiness is finally marred) is felt by the reader as a perverse and vexatious stroke of fortune, or of the poet, as he ascribes it to the one or the other. Evangeline, however, is lured on by her hopes, and by the influences of nature, to follow the track of her wandering lover :—

“Patience!” whisper’d the oak from oracular
caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
“To-morrow!”

Again, we have beautiful and characteristic descriptions of the scenery through which the journey lies; a picture of an Indian camp, where a Shawnee woman repeats the tales current in her tribe; a visit to a Jesuit mission, where it appears that Gabriel had been only six days previous; finally, however, the trace of the wanderer is lost. After years of grief, Evangeline becomes a sister of mercy in Pennsylvania. A pestilence falls on the city. Among the sick and dying she finds one whose aspect calls from her a shudder and an involuntary cry. It was Gabriel—

Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,
Kiss’d his dying lips, and laid his head in her
bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
a casement.

All is over, and Evangeline is left to her meek resignation. The tomb of the lovers still exists, unknown and unnoticed, the poet tells us, in the heart of the city of Philadelphia.

We have given such specimens as our space allowed of the pictures of rural life and scenery, which are the peculiar charm of this poem; the reader will find many others of equal beauty. But in taking our leave of the poem here, we cannot help remarking the great advantage which Mr. Longfellow has derived from his use of the hex-

ameter. This kind of verse has the privilege of liberating the poet from the conventions of the usual forms of versification, which cling so closely to modern writers, especially in descriptive poetry, and deprive them, in a great degree, of the simplicity and truth of reality. The images so presented seem as if they came fresh from nature. Moreover, this kind of verse requires, and in Mr. Longfellow’s hands has, an idiomatic plainness of phraseology, which approaches to the narratives in the book of Genesis, and which prevents the most trivial details of ordinary life from being mean or ridiculous. In this respect, also, Mr. Longfellow has most happily followed Goethe, and many of his descriptions ring in our ears as echoes of things which are told of Herman’s “good intelligent mother,” and “the host of the Golden Lion.” In general, Mr. Longfellow’s hexameters are good. They have, without doing any violence to the pronunciation, the mixed trisyllable and dissyllable flow, which is the character of this kind of verse. We might, however, mark a few violations of this essential condition; for instance, in this line—

Whēnēvēr neighbors complain’d that any injustice
was done them.

Whenever is a bad dactyl; for the ordinary pronunciation (taking the accented syllable for the long syllable, which, of course, is what we must do) is certainly *whēnēvēr*.

In this line :—

Loud, and sudden, and near, the note of a whīp-
poōrwīll sounded.

Whīp-poōrwīll sounds somewhat strange to our ears as a dactyl, but this may be from our want of familiarity with the mode of pronouncing the word practised in its native country.

We might notice a few more such negligences, for so they appear to us; but we wish rather to take our leave of Mr. Longfellow with the expression of the pleasure we have received from the story of *Evangeline*, and of our hope that we may have from his country—and why not from him!—other strains of the same music.

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CHILDHOOD AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

How wonderful is the nature of childhood! Inhale for a few minutes the subtle, etherizing reminiscences as they rise in your mind; and, when you are dead to all you have learned and felt since, tell us what you see. Is it not a mingled scene, like Shakspeare’s *Midsummer Night’s Dream*?—half fairy, half human;—but the fairy-land, the real *terra firma*! Strange wanderings and losings of our way! Earthly loves, and airy jealousies, and parents’ harsh decrees; with elfish gambols and tricks between; communings with cobwebs and pease-blossoms, sucking with the bee, and fondling foolish asses’ heads! All seen by a strange pellucid light, as if the brightness of heaven were reflected through the troubled waters of life. Such, at least, are the visions we behold

when we summon them from the depths of our memories, and bid them tell us what manner of children we were ; now appearing in playful forms, advancing and retreating, and peeping at us from behind rosy clouds ; now embodied in one lonely little earth-bound figure, looking fearfully around, with the black clouds gathering, and sometimes refusing to appear at all when we do call.

But are all childhood reminiscences thus ? By no means. Some natures there are, gross and dense, seeing nothing in the depths of their lives for the mud and filth the stream is carrying with it. Some, hard, and cold, and common, who care not to look ; and others, sinning or sinned against, who dare not. While a few happy beings have only to cast down a serene eye, fathoms deep, to see the smooth, pure sand, with grains of gold glistening in it, and not a weed or a bubble between that and their present selves.

But what is a child ? That is the question. Is it merely what it appears to the outward eye—a lesser version of humanity, a weaker decoction of ourselves—who wears short frocks and eats egg-pudding, goes earlier to bed and sounder to sleep, has less sense, less strength, less knowledge, and less of everything ? No. A child is a deep mystery, which all our reminiscences cannot unravel, though they may give a clue to it—who has a hidden life of its own, which it instinctively knows to be foolishness to the world, and betrays to no one, not even to the fondest mother—who is the strongest natural guarantee for another state of being—for who shall cavil at a future existence he cannot understand, when he has already passed through one he cannot explain !—a creature, with the faith of a saint, the fancy of a poet, the senselessness of an idiot, and the subtlety of the very fiend himself—who reproves us with its innocence, and puzzles us with its wickedness—who is given to be our charge, and set to be our example. This is the real child ; more different even from us in kind than it is less in degree ; not even as the bud to the flower, for the analogy fails both ways, but rather like that undefinable material we know so little of—once vegetable, now mineral—the relics of another order of things—going through a mysterious and gradual process ere it issue upon the world in the form of common coal, or, rarely though it be, in that of the diamond. This is the real child ; not to be confounded with many who are, in truth, only lesser specimens of our own dull or despicable selves—human small coal—with no other vocation than to wear longer frocks or tails, break bigger playthings, drink more wine, and spend more money, grow taller, wiser, and wicked.

Have you ever thought of the immense difference of feeling with which different children inspire you ? The real respect with which you watch some mysterious little shrine of the spirit, as it pursues its own butterfly thoughts, and basks in its own ethereal sunshine, feeling absolutely honored if it condescend to quit its inner fairyland, and bestow its sweet folly one moment upon you ! Or the weary

indifference with which you do the necessary civilities to some little machine for the senses, who bores you somehow with the mere sound of its innocent voice, and whose flat truisms you feel inclined to snub without mercy ! Or, again, the positive hatred you take for some odious little incorporation of selfishness, all ripe for every vulgar end of our nature, whose very childhood is an unfair defence to it, and whom you long to get for one hour into your power, and feel that the most malicious castigation you could invent would be only a duty to your fellow-creatures, and a relief to your conscience !

It seems to us that there are two legitimate periods for deep parental anxiety at the very outset of their children's lives. First, when the child is born, to ascertain that it is provided with all the necessary mechanism for a healthy and active body ; and, secondly, when the mind begins to show itself, to make sure that it be endowed with the requisite amount of childlikeness for the formation of a true and estimable character. Gifts and talents are another thing—capricious in the signs and times of their budding, the darkness of a late dawn often mistaken by common observers for the dullness of a dark day. But if the child be but childlike enough, if it have but enough of that sort of foolishness bound up in its heart, it may be destitute of brilliant parts or particular gifts, but the parents may rely, that, as the imperfection of this world goes, it will turn out a sound, if not an interesting character, in spite of the greatest mismanagement on their parts.

People talk such nonsense about precocity ! As if it were only connected with genius and singularity. But genius is *not* precocity ; if anything it is exactly the reverse. Genius, in truth, is something more childlike still than childhood—more foolish, more fanciful, and more faithful, and incorrigibly so for life. Instead of anticipating in childhood the mind of a man, it retains in manhood the heart of a child. Every genius is a child, and every child is a genius, morally, if not intellectually, or there is little to be hoped from him. But it is your wise, prudent, hard, sedate children, who are really precocious, born with a kind of spurious native experience of their own, who naturally antedate that caution and cunning which others so painfully acquire ; keeping out of scrapes and disappointments, because they have none of that love and trust which lead other children in. This is the precocity parents should be afraid of. They will have a child who will save them a world of present trouble, who will commit no blunders, and break no bounds, save his pocket-money, and spare his clothes, spy out all his brothers' and sisters' faults, and report all the servants' peccadilloes, and be probably held up in the family as a standard of circumspection and prudence, or, what is falsely called up to a certain age in juvenile life, of "goodness ;" but let them not rejoice ; they will have a son who will desert his father if he be unfortunate, grind his mother if she be a widow, bear a smooth character to the world, but a hard

heart to his own, turn against his parents in their old age the very character they falsely bestowed in his youth; and, in addition to this, have the strongest health and longest life of the family; for there is no life-preserver like the precocity of a narrow spirit and a cold heart.

Children are the fruits of the fall. Born, as it were, before sin had taken universal possession; as if the last lingering light of innocence had beamed upon them for a moment, and then sunk forever below the horizon. We see its smile impressed upon them, shining through all the sin that reigns in their members; making them easy of faith, and pure in heart, and fearless of the morrow; but waxing fainter and fainter, as their minds gradually strike deeper into the common soil of life, till they are ripe to receive that better light, which has been revealed to our understandings in lieu of that which was forfeited by our natures.

It is a fearful word pronounced by the Creator—"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception." Yet a marvellous mercy in it, as the sentence of Him who bringeth good out of evil. Have you ever considered what this world would have been had it been peopled in any other way? Had man been added to man without that mysterious tie of relationship running through the whole framework of society, uniting us, *nolens volens*, in the bond of peace and of all virtues, and ramifying into the most distant fibre of a Scotch cousin? Have you ever thought what would have become of mankind had the yoke of relationship not been laid upon us? Had we been free to hate many a one we are now bound to love? permitted to leave where we are now compelled to adhere? Has it ever struck you how we should have "chopped and changed *à la mode Germanorum*," had the selection of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, been left to us? What a vast crumbling ruin of inadhesive conglomerate the whole fabric of society would have become! As soon as man had fallen, the bond of relationship became necessary. Each individual was to have a number of his species apportioned to him, to love, or to bear with, whether he liked it or no. Each, in the infinite wisdom and goodness of his Judge, was to have an antidote to selfishness supplied in that which was nearest to himself. Relationship was to be a holy apprenticeship for that love of his kind, which without the love of his kindred is but a name. *Near* and *dear* were to be sacred synonyms, never to be separated without wickedness and suffering. No tie was to be optional except that which existed before the fall of our race—the Adam and the Eve—the man and the woman; and that, as if to prove to mankind how little they were to be trusted with the exercise of free-will, even in their dearest interests, was to be, too often, but a sorry substitute for the bonds of nature.

But let us enter the nursery now—that strange combination of the restraints of a prison with the freedom of liberty-hall. Windows are ironed,

fire-place guarded, staircase fenced; and yet no beings are so absolutely monarchs of all they survey as those who dwell there. Every creature and thing within those enchanted precincts has to do them homage, either as playthings or playmates. They have rattled every handle, peeped through every keyhole, climbed every chair, dived into every hole; and if there be a corner forbidden, or hid from them, it pays double toll in a sense of mystery, which is the greatest delight of all. Here the familiar visitor, who is permitted, as the phrase goes, "to see the children," is welcomed with a chorus of little voices and a rush of little feet; while nurse holds up her hand, and rocks the cradle in double time.

The nursery is a wonderful world, and all that therein is; but baby is the greatest wonder of all. That little separate thing in the world—uncommunicating with others, unremembered by itself—that mysterious state of being before the deluge of memory sets in, lying there, like a hermit in its cell, as if gathering strength in passive contemplation for the world's encounter. Who says that a baby does not think or feel? Have they never seen that strange smile breaking "through clouds of infant flesh," and then passing away, as if it caught for a moment the harmonies of heaven? Or have they never heard that stranger sigh—the first spontaneous language of one who is "born to sorrow"—as if it heard from afar the growing jar of this earth—incognizant, to our apprehension, as it lies passively there, either of this world or that, yet stamped by that very smile and sigh, as the being who stands mysteriously between both?

But the noise and uproar have been too much! The round lustrous eyes are wide open, which, like the eyes of the divine child in the Sistine Madonna, seem to look at nothing, in gazing beyond all things; and baby is seated on nurse's knee. There it sits, the little stranger, who dwelleth so calmly amongst us, without speech or movement, though brothers and sisters are screaming and running around it, looking so serenely content, as if it knew how little either could weigh in the balance with its own deep repose.

There is no model like a lovely baby for true queenly dignity—the wide open gaze, the hands' slow movement, the proud drawing up if the usual etiquette be transgressed—reminding us of the beautiful lines in the *Lyra Innocentium*:—

Why so stately, maiden fair,
Rising in thy nurse's arms,
With that condescending air,
Gathering up thy queenly charms?—

the round, portly form, moving slowly to and fro, imbedded in lawn and fine linen. And then, when a few months older, the truly royal impatience of opposition, the autocratic air with which spoon and rattle are dashed down, the haughty stare if some monitory voice exclaim, "Baby! baby!" and then the celestial smile, as if to forgive you for having been angry with her.

We have dubbed the baby feminine. Babyhood

seems so, with its beauty, its softness, its helplessness, and its waywardness—ladylike in each of its attributes. But look now at that little swaggering urchin, with scarcely more than two of our short years over its head, and it is a boy all over. The reign of dignity has been succeeded by that of impudence. Noise and movement are now his chief element. Up the chairs and down again. If you take him up he kicks and struggles; the more comfortable you try to make him, the less he likes it; restlessness is his rest. If he is not talking to you, he is talking to himself—stamping, hammering, rattling, clattering; whatever can make a noise is plaything to him. Like another Nero, he wishes all the bells in the house had but one string, that he might ring them altogether. Nothing but sleep can quiet him, and then, if the truth were known, he dreams of banging doors! Mischievous and courage have begun together; he'll take a dog by the tail or a bull by the horns; screams to be held upon a coach-horse he can't stride, and kicks the animal to make it go faster; is all ready to fire off a gun, and roars because you will not let him; struggles away from the maid to run after the sheep; tumbles down, is picked up with a mouthful of gravel, and a "Never no peace with you, Master John;" is held double tight by the maid all the way home, with an admonitory chuck, now and then, which almost dislocates his shoulder, but manages to put his feet into the puddles for all that! Bless the child! he is all right in his start for life, and plague and pleasure alike he will give.

The next age is full of ingenuity and clever devices, less noise, but not less mischief, only of a quieter kind. The mind and imagination more at work, at least in those children who have them, and that easily told by the simplest things. See those two little girls! You hardly know which is the elder, so closely do they follow each other. They were born to the same routine, and will be bred in it for years, perhaps, side by side, in unequal fellowship; one pulling back, the other dragging forward, to their mutual trial, and probably mutual good, for resistance is the lever that rolls the mind forward. Watch them for a few minutes as they play together, each dragging her doll about in a little cart. Their names are Cecilia and Constance; and they manage their dolls already as differently as they will their children. You ask Cecilia where she is going to drive her doll to, and with a little humdrum voice, she answers, "Through the dining-room, into the hall, and then back into the dining-room again;" which is all literally true. You ask Constance; and with a grave, important air, and a loud whisper, for doll is not to hear on any account, she answers, "I'm going to take her to London, and then to Brighton to see her little cousin. The hall is Brighton, you know;" this last with a condescending look. You ask how the dolls are dressed. Cecilia laments over a dirty frock with a slit at the knee, and thinks that Mary the maid will never give her the new one she promised.

Constance's doll is somewhat in the costume of the king of the Sandwich Islands, top-boots and a cocked hat, having only a skein of worsted tied round her head, and a strip of colored calico on her shoulder; but she is satisfied that it is a wreath of flowers and a fine scarf; bids you smell of the "rose-oil" in her hair, and then whips herself to jump over the mat.

In other matters the case is reversed. Where fear is concerned Cecilia's imagination becomes active, and Constance's remains perfectly passive. A bluff old gentleman passes through that same hall. The children stop their carts and stare at him, upon which he threatens to put them into his pocket. Cecilia runs away in the greatest alarm; Constance coolly says, "You can't put us in your pocket, 't is n't half big enough!"

Nor is she less practical in other things. They have some game with little stamped cards, all begrimed and sticky, however, with the frequent fondling of little fingers. "Let's wash them," says Constance—but what with?—As an uncommonly bright thought, though a borrowed one from something Constance had said the day before, Cecilia proposes "Mamma's lavender-water," and runs off to fetch it. In a few minutes she returns with fretful face and whining voice, something about "Lavender-water bottle not there," and "Mary says;" and finds Constance, the little pig! vigorously at work with plentiful supplies of lavender water from the rosy fountains of her own sweet lips.

But Cecilia can tell you the days of the week, and months of the year; and repeat up to a hundred, and many other things; while Constance answers all at random, and runs to the window to count imaginary stars—"One, two, five, seven, eight, ten, eleven, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, twenty-one, a thousand;" and then turns about with a whole catechism, which you must be clever to answer, while Cecilia meekly informs you you are sitting on the sofa.

As for goodness, in the maternal sense of the word, there's no comparison between them. Cecilia is always as good as gold, and you never thank her for it; while Constance has regular set-tos with her nurse you would give the world to be present at.

Of all the various kinds of amusement that mankind have invented, bull-fighting included, we doubt whether there be any so intensely exciting as a thorough bout of naughtiness in a clever child. A well-organized troop of this kind to travel the country would be sure to answer. One grudges really the fine dramatic scenes that are wasted upon the desert air of some nurseries. We mean, of course, an honorable and spirited, not a mean or grovelling naughtiness—one that will kick nurse's legs openly, not pinch a little brother secretly; though we do remember a wonderful satisfaction in a sly manœuvre of that kind.

Next in interest to the active use of the limbs, comes the regular argument. This is the real school for declamation. Demosthenes had better

have betaken himself to the nursery. How magnificently will a child defend his rights!—head erect, kindling eyes, rising voice, the indignation of injured honor in every action and tone;—turning dexterously off when he finds his case is weak; appealing to your feelings when he finds he cannot succeed with your reason, with a fretful drollery quite as ready to laugh as to cry. Then shifting his ground, substituting one demand for another. If he may n't lean too far out of the window, he may surely come too near the fire. He should like to know what he may do. Is he never to climb the bedpost again!—never!—forever! Keeping it up, and beginning all over again when you think he has been finally silenced, and forcing you to some whimsical capitulation of his own at last, for mere peace.

There is an immense deal to be learnt, too, in the varieties of children's crying. Not only in the judgment of the child's individual character, but for sound instruction in the arts of passion and pathos. There is a good, earnest, open roar, quickly raised and quickly spent, which is of excellent promise—the explosion of a good heart, which clears the air without muddying the ground. And there is a patient, monotonous, wearing-out snivel, with no expenditure of strength or voice, which augurs a weak intellect, and one of those amiable dispositions which provokes you more than a decidedly bad one. Each of these is an excellent study—the one to intimidate, and the other to tire—rarely failing of their end on any stage, but neither of them succeed in touching the heart. For this, however, children are matchless as examples. There is a depth of helpless, prostrate affliction; sobs, and sighs, now hemmed in, now breaking forth again, with a sobbing kind of back-water stroke, which one could imagine the Babes of the Wood to have uttered at the very moment they laid down and died, that “no heart that breathes with human breath” could ever resist. And then again, there is a pale, hopeless look, with quiet, trickling tears, as if the little heart were driven to the last refuge of self-pity, or had caught the first glimmering of the meaning of despair, which is ten times worse:—

What is so shrill as silent tears?

Most children cry, and it is a safe and desirable sign. Some cry to please themselves, and some to please their mothers. There are only two sorts who abstain, as different as light and darkness, though often confounded. The one is the haughty spirit, the other the sullen temper. The first, with gentle usage and implicit trust, you need never despair of; the latter, alas! will tire out the fondest physician.

In contradistinction to the subject of naughtiness, there is a word we have alluded to before, which we must inquire a little into—one oftener taken in vain than any other in infant education, and which, in our recollection, was the enigma of the little vocabulary. We mean that magic word *good*. In children of sense and principle, the

vagueness of this term is most distressing, implying as it does, first one thing and then another, and nothing long. Sometimes a strong exertion of the will; sometimes a total abeyance of every faculty, now a dryness in the atmosphere, which keeps their hair in curl; and now a letter by post, or a hamper from the country, which puts their mother in good-humor. With us this word is associated with very mixed feelings. Certainly it was a pleasure, as all rare surprises were; but still it always brought nervous misgivings, and fearful lookings forward to a long future, in which more would be expected from us, and less on our part likely to be fulfilled; for how were we ever to be sure of being good again, when we never know how we had contrived to be so in the present instance? From our own recollections, however, and much subsequent observation, we should say that the real maternal *beau idéal* of the term consists in a keen power of discrimination between the value of a stuff gown and a silk one, accompanied by a general constitutional slowness of circulation. And a reference to foreign languages confirms this view. The French synonyme is *sage*, wise; the German, *artig*, polite; neither of them in the least childlike, but both corresponding with the quality implied. Every wise child must know the difference between stuff and silk, and no polite child would ever think of trampling it under foot.

That's why stories of *good* children, who are always prudent, prim, and precise, are so distasteful to children of any promise at all. They feel the misnomer, and their natural instinct rises against it. Parents give themselves much trouble and their children much torment in trying to enforce this many-headed term; but they may rely upon it, in nine cases out of ten, a good, open, honorable naughtiness, is a far better thing.

Where there is really a *good* child, let us watch and pray, for it is a fearful gift to a parent's heart. We have known one—meek, loving, patient—the unconscious pattern of every Christian virtue, with a conscience too tender for our coarse ones not to offend. Oh! what would we have given for more of those qualities which others take so much pains to repress! She was *good*, if you will—goodness personified—too good, alas! to live.

But though a child can neither naturally practise nor appreciate that real goodness which results from the ripened discipline of the mind, yet there is no period of our lives in which we have a more delicate sense of many beauties and refinements of character. The enthusiastic admiration children take for some plain faces is a puzzle to us, with our pride-of-the-eye and lust-of-the-flesh ideas, and may be invariably traced to some sweetness of expression, or gracefulness of action, or to something too subtle, perhaps, for us even to take cognizance of. Paleness and slowness they are usually taken by, and dress greatly guides their first likings and dislikings, as it does those of all sensitive, artistic minds. Their antipathies too are equally strong. Loud voices, and red faces, and boisterous manners, are ineffably disgusting to them, especially in

women, for they are great judges of what becomes each sex. We remember hating a good lady (and do so still) who clapped her chest, and switched her petticoats violently as she walked, and was perpetually performing the most fortissimo trumpet passages on her nose. In judgment whereof upon her, it was settled among us that she should be called Mrs. Pimlico—this being the ugliest name in the world to our ears—eat nothing but mutton skin and pork fat, and only walk two inches at a step. Accordingly, an experimental trial of this rate of progress was instantly made; a full hour was spent in getting across a small back-yard, and next day it was wondered why our little legs were so stiff.

It is strange that while volumes over volumes have been written to show the wonderful adaptation of this outer world to the wants and wishes of man, few have thought how tenfold more wonderful it is in the case of a child. Imagine what it must be to see the whole playground of this fair world spread before him, strewn all over with treasures, thicker and richer than in Aladdin's garden; novelty, wonder, and delight, in leaf, flower, and stone, and *play* in everything! Think of the boundless abundance above his head, beneath his feet, meeting his eye and courting his hand. Flowers growing for him to pluck and peep into; trees made with branches for him to climb, and fantastic roots for him to sit in; butterflies fluttering and dancing purposely to lead him on; cobwebs spread on a level with his eye; the spider laying its eggs in a tuft of wool on a green leaf, and the frost embroidering a crust of point lace over a dead one for his wonder; and then that *beau idéal* of his fancy—that paragon of his imagination, the bird's nest, with its exquisite speckled contents, which it would be hard to think was not built for him!

And not his Creator alone has thus ministered to the one prevailing craving of his nature; his fellow-man, in spite of himself, is always playing into his hands. Every stack he rears, every ditch he digs, every gate he hangs, is one word for himself and two for the child. Nothing comes amiss—new houses, and old ruins, and churchyards, and pigs and poultry, and lambs, and puppies, and kittens, and all sorts of furniture—everything natural and artificial, vegetable and animal, is all his own; to say nothing of those two grand primeval playthings, most desired and most forbidden, more exquisitely fascinating than every other, the alpha and the omega of all the rest—*fire and water*!

Playing materials are as plentiful as the air he breathes. You can hardly place him where they are not. The great difficulty with hard-hearted parents is to find some hole to shut him up in where he shall have, as the term goes, "nothing to play with;" for what seem bare and void to eyes which the cataract of age and prose has overspread, are full of beckoning, whispering fairies to his. But then comes the first, and great, and perpetual sorrow of his life—the difficulty of

knowing what he may play with and what he may not—a difficulty, poor child! which he never overcomes to the end of his days.

One would think that the costly and ingenious playthings of the offspring of the rich would give them an undue advantage over those of the poor; but, no—play is too essential to a child to depend upon the amount of his father's income. Watch a little tattered urchin; a stick, a puddle, or the dust of the road, is all he needs; a piece of chalk and a flagstone is extra luxury. Country has most materials, but town has plenty. We have seen a little girl help a toddling two-year-old sister across the street, with "Meggy, come away, and feel of the bonny beast," and both stand fondling a raw calf, hanging head downwards at the butcher's door, as if it had been an ermine muff; while a child, of a year old, sat on the step, as happy with a dead herring as if it had been a wax doll.

Deprive the little being even of every outward sign of amusement, and you can't stop the inward impulse. Have you not seen some little fairy spinning round and round on the points of its toes, repeating the same silly jingle of words, with happy purposelessness, living in an atmosphere of spontaneous, self-sustaining enjoyment; not touching the outer world so much with its elastic spirit as the floor with its tiny feet? Or do you not remember a still more passive and independent mode of entertainment, shutting our eyes suddenly and seeing the phantoms of the last seen object dimly traced within our closed lids; or looking at the sun, and then enclosing a ball of fire, now red, now yellow, dilating and contracting, and at last exploding like a shell, in darkness visible; or pressing our eyeballs and seeing the lightnings playing on each side, or circles of lurid light revolving round on the uttermost horizon of our inward sight? or, when tired of these, making strange melody in our hearts with eyes wide open, dreaming and floating in a listless element, as in a state of self-mesmerism? Childhood was made to play, as man to mourn; children *do* gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles.

As regards the manufacture of playthings expressly for children, it does seem, under these circumstances, something like sending coals to Newcastle. Still they are excellent devices for saving furniture, which was doubtless the origin of their invention. There is a delicate art, however, in their adaptation, which is too often neglected. Children are real poets in feeling. All they want is to have their ideas suggested; supply them too fully, and they stop. Playthings will often destroy play. They are to children what words are to music; the first condition is, that they should not express too much. There is something withering to a child's fancy in an elaborate toy, which leaves nothing for him to "make believe." An over-dressed doll, or an over-stocked doll's house, are never the objects of much real play, or not till the child has dismantled and destroyed them to such a degree as to clear away some space for his own contrivance.

The society of young children is, in a high de-

gree, softening and refining to the mind. You seldom see nurse-maids with vulgar, rough manners. They acquire a kind of sister-of-charity expression from the constant atmosphere of tenderness and simplicity in which they live. The French have a right name for them, as they have for most things. They call her "*la bonne*." We can't help thinking, too, that in most cases she is a far better companion to the child in its first years than even its own mother. Her absence of intellect is more on a par with the child's dawn of it. She is not so perpetually probing for the young idea, to see whether it be shooting. She has a kind of passive patience and dumb fidelity, on which the child's nature can more easily repose. A child may actually learn but little from its nurse, though the reverse is often the case, but with her it is always *the child*. Even an unprincipled woman will be innoxious towards the children committed to her charge. She may be robbing the parents, but she will respect the child. There is something in the very tenor of her charge which brings out the tender maternal feeling dormant in every woman's breast, and the purer here for being unmixed with any of the vulgar cares of life. They are *bonâ fide* her children, without any of the drawbacks of anxiety for their future provision, or labor for their present wants. She lives in luxury with only the duties of a mother. Every own mother has many more.

A nursemaid is engaged upon a different footing to any other servant. A cook understands that she has so many dishes to send up, and a housemaid so many rooms to clean, but the chief duties of a nursemaid are not in the bond. Her sphere of action cannot be defined. She is to be mistress, servant, and playfellow, and to know the season for each. She is to learn a new language, understand signs unintelligible to every other, take interest in trifles, sympathize in nonsenses, rub his finger for imaginary pains, kiss his eyes to send him to sleep, weep when he does not love her, smile when he does, lie down and die when he wishes, come to life again when he calls her—and, in short, love her charge, or she won't do half her duty, nor even know it. And how does she love him! Have you never remarked the radiant smile with which she receives the puling babe from its lady-mother's arms—an humble, Madonna-like creature, we have often thought her, with her simple vestments, and her look of love chastened by respect! Have you not seen the bright affection with which she catches and hugs up to her some little urchin, glad to follow her, yet coquetting to be caught, and who, once on her shoulder, clings like an Old Man of the Sea!—the pride when her children are noticed, the pique when they are passed over, and then the patient watching (more than the mother's) if sickness enter the nursery, and the bitter sorrow (only less than the mother's) if death should follow!

The death of a child! The words are full of a strange and moving meaning: winter following spring, nightfall succeeding to dawn! Fanciful

ideas crowd upon the mind hand in hand with solemn truths. That little being who knew nothing here, now to know the end of all things! That vacant intelligence which wondered at the ticking of a watch, now to understand the mystery of its own being! My own child, who was to hang upon my lips for instruction, now advanced where one word from its own would be a revelation to me! That helpless creature, borne from arm to arm, guarded by day and watched by night, too shy to bear the approach of a strange face, now launched alone in the "vast profound," escorted by intelligences divine but strange! Will there be one among that crowd of disfranchised spirits who will claim an early affinity with it? Will the little brother who departed a year ago recognize this as the babe who entered the bonds of flesh as he was leaving them? Or will it be one of the first signs of a better existence that the ties of blood are not needed in it!

Of all the sorrows in this world, that for the death of a young child brings with it the readiest healing. Would you grudge its having received promotion without paying the purchase-money!—the rights of citizenship without residence!—the certificate of humanity without the service!—the end and aim of life without this weary life itself! The death of a child is an enigma, but one which solves many others. The mind may dream and wonder, and form strange conclusions from the weakness of that life which has yielded to the strong arm of death; but two truths remain distinct, more plainly read on that cold marble cherub than on any other form of lifeless clay, and those are, the worthlessness of that breath which a child is summoned to render up, and the freeness of that grace which a child is able to inherit.

We remember a remarkable dream which occurred at a time when a little being came but to leave us again, whom we hardly thought could have claimed a place in our heart but for the void it left; and it always recurs to our mind when we hear of new life and old death meeting thus instantly on the threshold.

We dreamt that we were conveyed by some mysterious guide to the entrance of this earth. It was a kind of gallery, through which angelic beings, winged and beautiful, were rapidly passing, all towards the earth—some with grave, others with hopeful, aspects; their expressions as various as they were legible.

"What does this mean?" we said. "Who are the passing spirits who go all one way, and why are their countenances so various?"

Our companion replied—

"They are guardian angels, each on his way to take charge of a new-born infant. They know not its ultimate doom, but they know the sphere to which it is born, and the probable sins and temptations it will be exposed to.—Look at that angel," he said, "with the serious mien, as if a hard duty were before him! His charge is the child of the rich and noble of the land, who will bring him up in pride and luxury; and his heart will grow hard

and selfish, and selfishness in high places has few sorrows, and without sorrow the voice of his good angel will hardly be heard.

"And see that spirit who passes with eager, hopeful look! To him is committed the child of a vicious father, who is rioting at this moment that a child is born unto him. But open vices are not so baneful as specious virtues. The child's heart will be wounded and humbled in the sins of his father, and, in paying the penalty for another's guilt, he will himself seek the paths of virtue."

Then another spirit passed, with firm but peaceful aspect.

"His charge will be arduous. The child now born will have wilful and tumultuous passions, and his heart will be stubborn and perverse, and he will defy authority, and go far wrong, and the world will say there is no redemption for him, and even his father's face will be turned from him. But, in the silence of a sick chamber, a mother will plead incessantly for him, and the child of many prayers shall yet be brought home to the fold."

Then came one with anxious mien, and he was guardian to a genius who would win the applause and idolatry of thousands; and a second, with heavenly compassion, beautiful and moving to behold, and he was hurrying to the obscure offspring of sin and shame; and a third, calm and peaceful, summoned to preside over the even tenor of a poor orphan, who inherited the blessings of sainted parents; and a fourth, full of solemn anxiety, who hastened to receive his charge from a royal cradle; and a fifth, whose countenance of heavenly woe we dared not ask the cause of; and many more, all going to their varied posts—to the children of the good and the bad—the high and the low—the careless and the unbelieving, till we were tired of asking; when, suddenly, came one, distinguished from all by the radiance of joy upon him.

"What is his charge?" we said. "Surely it must be that of some future saint upon earth!"

"No," said our conductor, "he is the angel of a child who has died at its birth, and he is going to carry it straight to heaven."

And then we awoke and found it was only a dream; but ever since then we have never heard of the death of an infant without thinking of the joy on that angel's countenance.

It is a grave and momentous question, not whether little children should be taught religion, but how much they can bear to be taught. The present day sets little bounds to quantity, and many minds will sin and suffer much ere they recover from the disgust of over-repletion. Now and then a child is born with the shadow of death and the brightness of heaven both set on his brow, who lives in religious thoughts, as Mozart did in musical, and leaves us to be the joy of angels. But oftener much a little hypocrite is manufactured with the stamp of premature vanity of the worst kind upon him, who prates of holy things by rote, and lives to be the disgrace of men. But with children of good health and average understanding, the relish for religious things, although unfailing, is so ex-

quisitely delicate, that the only rule we can observe is not to overdo. Long services and prayers, and strict Sundays, and all the routine of so-called evangelical teaching, are almost, without exception, vanity and vexation of spirit with them. Short prayers and beautiful hymns they will love; but even here, if we recall our own childhood, we shall remember that every child associates the ideas with some fanciful theory agreeable to his own imagination, or reduces the words to some jingling gibberish agreeable to his own ear—innocent, but absurd; for the whimsical ways of a child are foolishness to us, and wickedness to most Sunday-school teachers. We remember always saying—"We believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and in all things visible and invisible." We were ready to believe in anything in the world; and thankful we were, when time had rectified the mistake, that no one had ever cross-questioned us upon it.

But these things matter not. The form of sound words, as near as possible, is all we can give for the winged thoughts of religion, which blow where they list, to pause and nestle in; and not too much even of these. And, above all, we must forbear to question a child on its religious feelings. All high thoughts are indefinable to himself, and all indefinable thoughts shy to others; a child who can explain such is an impostor. Every germ of life, spiritual or material, is incomprehensible to us, and if brought prematurely into daylight perishes.

But a child is a praying creature, though he prays indiscriminately. We always prayed in distress. We remember praying when our mother was ill, and when we had dropped a sixpence and could not find it. We prayed in all earnestness upon occasions which we should think profane now; but we were a child then, and "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A child's ideas of what heaven is are among the deepest mysteries of our nature. The captive soul's involuntary conjectures of its native land—now rising into the sublimest poetry—now groveling in the basest materialism, according as it strikes against the stones of its prison walls, or catches light through the chinks between them. This is sacred ground we should especially forbear to plant or trample in. General ideas of beauty, goodness, and happiness, in the presence of God, with joys at his right hand for evermore, and angels ever bright and fair, we may dwell on; but having thus lifted him up from earth, let us not presume to question him whither he wanders. Even with the best intentions we may err, whenever we seek to define what we know as little about as himself, and, perhaps, less. It is a mournful picture, and tells a sorrowful tale, that anecdote of the little Scotch girl who asked her mother what heaven was like.

"My dear, it is like a perpetual Sabbath."

"Oh, mamma," said the child, "how dreadful!"

As for tangible descriptions of heaven, whether in the shape of gold or light, or singing-birds, or green leaves, or playthings, or sweetmeats, they

should be carefully let alone, or a child's natural logic will soon puzzle his reason and ours too. Not that such descriptions are so absolutely *wrong*, but that upon your authority a child pins implicit faith. For we should never forget that there is that inconvenience in the intercourse with young children which troubles us in no other—namely, that they believe all we say.

There is a curious letter extant from Luther to his little son which bears upon this question, and which may interest our readers to see:—

To my dear little son, Hansigen Luther: Grace and Peace in Christ:—

My heart-dear little son, I hear that you learn well and pray diligently. Continue to do so, my son; when I come home I will bring you a fine fairing. I know of a pretty, joyous garden. Many children enter therein, and wear little golden coats, and pick up beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; and sing, and jump, and make merry; and have, also, beautiful little horses, with golden saddles and silver bridles. Then I asked the man whose garden it was—who the children were. And he said to me, "The children are those who love to learn, and to pray, and to be good." Then said I, "Dear man, I have also a little son, by name Hansigen Luther; may he not come into this garden, and have the same beautiful apples and pears to eat, and wonderful little horses to ride upon, and play about with these children?" Then said the man, "If he is willing to learn, and to pray, and to be good, he shall come into the garden—and Lippus and Justus too; and if they all come together, they shall have pipes, and kettledrums, and lutes, and music of stringed instruments; and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows."

And he shewed me then a fine meadow in the garden all laid out for dancing, where hang golden pipes, and kettledrums, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was too early, for the children had not had their dinner, and I could not stop to see the dancing. And I said, "Ah, dear sir, I will instantly go back, and write all this to my little son, Hansigen, so that he may pray, and learn, and be good, in order to get into this garden! And he has a little cousin Lena, whom he must bring with him." Then said the man, "So shall it be; go home and write to him."

Therefore, dear little son Hansigen, be diligent to learn and pray, and tell the same to Lippus and Justus, that you may all come together into the garden. Herewith I recommend you to the Almighty, and give cousin Lena a kiss from me. 1530.

This is a letter worthy of the founder of German protestantism—a Mahometan paradise, or the fairy-land of Tieck's Little Elves, and works of merit to bring you in! However, this is not the place to discuss this subject. As a description of heaven for young children, we deny that it is even suited to their natural hearts. They know it to be something not of this earth, earthy—no mere playground when their lessons are over. They have also an awe—half natural, half acquired—of the very name of heaven, unless we render it irreverently cheap, which withholds them from asking for close details; or, if a chance child persist in doing so, we may

depend he is a little radical in embryo who will, never get there.

But it is time that we should leave our subject, and commit the children, whose rights and wrongs we have been thus desultorily considering, to the guardianship of their best friends or worst enemies—their natural protectors or unnatural tormentors namely, to their parents. To the outward eye there may seem to be an immense difference between the position of children in life. Some accident shows us a family of the rich and a family of the poor standing together—the one with feathers and plumes, dolls and whips, and bright cheeks—the other with bangled hats, and bare feet, and dirty faces, and, instead of a toy, some necessary burden, as a foretaste of a life of labor, in their hands; and a pang goes through us at the inequality of their fates. But this is a wrong view. It is not the inequality of fortunes that affects a child, but the inequality of parents. The parent is the child's *fate*—its good or evil genius—under whose auspices life will smile be the fortunes ever so low, or frown be they ever so high. The poor and tender mother will make her children happier, though dragging them up in poverty, than the rich and harsh one, though lapping them in luxury. Question many a memory what it envied other children most in the days of its childhood, and it will tell you, with painful tenacity, that it envied them not the toy, or the carriage, or the delicate fare, or the rich clothing, but the tender mother and the indulgent father; that it envied them the mother's *praise*—the word of encouragement in due season, and felt that this alone would have made a sunshine in a dark place.

Children may be neglected or spoiled; servants and governesses, uncles and aunts, may rule their fate to their present weal or woe; but there is no happiness and no misery which affect our future reminiscences so surely—which sinks so deep into the heart, to wither or gladden it in the trials of life—as that which we owe in the days of our childhood to our parents.

But this is a subject which deserves a chapter to itself. We would only add, that in ascertaining the inequality of a child's lot to consist not in birth or fortune, but in the nature of their parents, we have asserted the greatest inequality of all. Children are born of the tender and the harsh, the pious and the unbelieving, the thoughtful and the careless; and their trials will be accordingly. Their and our only part is to remember, that "the Lord is the Maker of them all."

From the Britannia.

LOUIS BLANC'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.*

THE revolution of February, 1848, is not to be understood apart from the revolution of July, 1830. The one is the sequence of the other. The same ideas, the same hopes, the same personages, figure

* "Foreign Library." 2 vols. Chapman and Hall Strand.

in both. The progress of revolution has been stayed for eighteen years by the pacific policy of Louis Philippe, only to recommence at the very point at which he succeeded in arresting it. He smothered the flame, but did nothing to extinguish it. It has been smouldering during his prudent and careful reign, and now has burst out with fresh vigor. Blot out those eighteen years from memory, and nothing is altered; or, if there be a change, it is only that the revolution is a week or two older. The moderates have been swept from the scene, and their place has been usurped by violent republicans.

The movement of 1830 ended in the establishment of the monarchy of the middle classes. Before the people had time to declare their sentiments, and make their power felt, the bourgeoisie and their leaders filled the vacant posts of government, set Louis Philippe on the throne, and declared the revolution accomplished. This was as though Neckar and Roland, in 1789, had anticipated and defeated the designs of the Jacobins. Principles often sleep, though they do not die; and it impresses one with the very highest idea of the superior capacity, wisdom, and experience of Louis Philippe that he should have been able for so long a period to stay the course of that revolutionary movement, which the sagest heads thought must make rapid and irresistible progress from the moment that it began to triumph.

But the period of repose was treacherous. The revolution has been making way noiselessly. It has been gaining ground in the mind of the nation, though not in its places of authority. The constitutionalists of 1830 have either disappeared from the scene or have become republican. Latterly, the efforts of Louis Philippe to maintain a throne on revolutionary foundations has met with no support in popular sentiment. The pretended friends of his dynasty have been employed in undermining it. On the first attack it has fallen defenceless amidst a roar of acclamation.

Take up the history of France from the first of August, 1830, and what has happened but the overthrow of the *juste milieu* party by the ultra-radical party! What genius and what art were required to maintain order and the semblance of a monarchy for so long a time we all know. A new phase of the revolution is now presented to us. The ascendancy of the bourgeoisie has given way to the ascendancy of the workmen and the mob. There is no prospect, no hope, that the revolution can be fixed at its present point. It must advance with the rapidity of a torrent. All barriers which formerly stayed its course are broken down. The sovereignty of the people has been proclaimed. What that means we all know. There are some shallow persons who suppose that the revolution is purely political. They are incapable of discerning the most palpable signs of the times. Already it has taken a social shape. It is headed by communists, socialists, and St. Simonians. It must now traverse the road of the revolution of 1789; but let us trust that that road will be less ensanguined and less ruinous.

Louis Blanc is a member of the provisional committee; he has been a leading actor in the revolution of 1848, and a leading member of all the republican societies which have prepared the way for it. His eloquent history informs us of the failure of his party in 1830, and of their hopes, views, objects, and proceedings since that period. He may be accepted as a faithful exponent of the principles of those men who have so wonderfully, so boldly, and so successfully possessed themselves of the supreme power at a moment when Louis Philippe appeared firmly seated on his throne. The energy, courage, and talent of that small but energetic party to which he belongs has changed the aspect of Europe, and opened a blank page in the world's history. It is enough to say that those who know France and her parties best regard this change with the greatest apprehension.

The *Standard*, in one of those fearless and able articles which it daily sends forth, has justly noted a very important distinction between the two movements. In 1830 Paris rose in favor of the law; in 1848 against it. In the former case the insurgents had a majority of the deputies with them; in the latter against them. But it is remarkable that in each case the speech of the king on opening the session gave occasion for the commencement of the movement against the throne, and that the particular paragraphs of the two speeches were couched in nearly the same terms.

On the 2d of March, 1830, Charles X., addressing the chambers on their convocation, said:—

Peers of France, deputies of the departments, I entertain no doubt of your coöperation towards effecting the good I desire to do. You will reject with disdain the perfidious insinuations malevolence strives to propagate. Should culpable manœuvres raise up obstacles in the way of my government, an event which I cannot and will not anticipate, I should derive the necessary strength to surmount them from my resolution to uphold the public peace, from the just confidence of the French, and from the love they have always evinced for their king.

How like is this language to that of Louis Philippe on opening the session of 1848:—

Amidst the agitation that hostile and blind passions foment, a conviction animates and supports me, which is, that we possess in the constitutional monarchy—in the union of the great powers of the state—sure means of overcoming all those obstacles, and of satisfying all interests, moral and material.

The address to Louis Philippe we know was carried by a majority of the chamber. But in the case of Charles X. the celebrated majority of 221 members declared that no sympathy existed between the crown and the legislature:—

The charter has made the permanent concurrence of the political views of your government with the wishes of your people an indispensable requisite to the regular course of public affairs. Sire, our loyalty, our devotedness, compel us to tell you that this concurrence does not exist.

Charles X. at once resolved on abolishing the charter, exclaiming that he "would not suffer his crown to be flung into the mire." By the publi-

eration of the famous ordonnances he challenged opposition, and Paris rose against him.

Yet, perhaps, to the apprehension of the Parisian populace the distinction between the circumstances of 1830 and 1848 may be less palpable than to us. The presence of a few ministerial deputies more or less in the chamber is a matter of small moment to them. They have not our respect for majorities, nor our sense of submission to constitutional forms. Encouraged to display their power, they assembled; and the mushroom mockery of constitutional government perished the instant the streets declared against it.

The revolution of 1848 has been accomplished with comparatively greater ease than the revolution of 1830, though the means to resist it were in the former instance far greater. Charles X. had but 12,000 troops around Paris, yet for three days they made a determined resistance to the people, who gained their victory only after a fierce and sanguinary struggle. Louis Philippe, with 30,000 men within the walls of Paris, and an immense force additional within call, was compelled to surrender almost without striking a blow. The police of the city (the municipal guard) seem alone to have offered an effective resistance. The principle of revolt was consecrated by the three days of July, and the throne of the barricades had no sentiment of loyalty to enlist in its support.

In 1830 men regarded the prospect of a revolution with fear and trembling. The warning of 1789—1794 had not then been forgotten. It is stated in this history that a few days previous to the revolution M. Odilon Barrot said to some members of the *Aide-toi* society, "You have faith in an insurrection in the streets! Good God! if a *coup d'état* were made, and you were beaten, you would be dragged to the scaffold, and the people would look on quietly as you passed." The *National*, a paper then in the Orleans interest, held the same language, and loudly denounced the designs of the revolutionists. "When you resolve to have nothing more to do with the laws," wrote the *National*, "you have nothing left you but to throw yourselves upon the populace." So fearful was the liberal party of countenancing any revolutionary movement that, while it was in progress, they kept studiously aloof from participation in it, and only dared to show themselves and claim authority when the victory was won. While the fighting was in progress, all the deputies were extremely alarmed. M. de Remusat, at the office of the *Globe*, exclaimed, "No, it was never our purpose to produce a revolution. All we aimed at was a legal resistance." Even the most ardent of the republican party had little hope of the result, and feared the end must be either despotism or pillage. Armand Carrel, traversing the Boulevards with Etienne Arago, saw a man greasing his shoes with the oil of a broken street lamp. "There," he said, "you have the people—there you see Paris! Levity—recklessness—what represents great things applied to little uses." The historian adds as a commentary on this:—"He was mistaken in

one half. The people was about to take part seriously in the fight; it was indifferent only as to the results of the victory." When rivers of blood were flowing through Paris on the 28th July, M. Guizot read to an assembly of the deputies his protest against the ordonnances. "It is a revolution we have to encounter," exclaimed M. Mauguin; "our choice lies between the royal guards and the people." Sebastiani and Charles Dupin answered, "Let us above everything remain within the bounds of the law." Casimir Périer, then the darling of the populace, accosted Laffitte. "We must try," he said, "to negotiate with M. Marmont. Four millions would not be ill-spent for such a purpose." The idea was caught at, but the courageous Arago had been before them. They found him in conference with the Duc de Raguse, vainly endeavoring to persuade the marshal to withdraw. "Must I tell you," he said, "the ill-boding phrases I heard as I came along among the crowd? They are firing grape among the people; it is Marmont paying his debts." The king was inexorable, and Marmont, against his will, continued to struggle to the last.

The three days of July were marked by all the peculiar characteristics which have distinguished the three days of February, the 22d, the 23d, and the 24th. In both periods mere boys took part in the fighting. As the troops withdrew from Paris in July they were assailed by children:—

More victims fell at Chaillot. Children started out unexpectedly at the corners of the streets and fired on the troops with a ferocity that was inexplicable. Here fell one of the most accomplished and gallant officers of the guards, M. Lomotheux. No one had more forcibly than he disapproved of the ordonnances, and he was preparing to tender his resignation. He fell dead, struck by a ball discharged by an insurgent only ten years of age. Other officers received mortal wounds, and one was on the point of being made prisoner. Being separated from his regiment, he was obliged to pass the night at Chaillot, whence he escaped the next day in disguise. The disinterestedness and grandeur of the end aimed at, can alone absolve those who excite the thirst of blood among a people, for there is something in it epidemic. The revolution of July was, even to childhood, an encouragement to heroism, but it was also a provocation to cruelty. The battalions which had not taken the road by Cours la Reine had rallied at the Arc de l'Etoile, whence they extended as far as the Porte Maillot. They were close by the house of Casimir Périer. A major and some officers were asked in; they were politely received, and refreshments were set before them. Their distress of mind was poignant and profound. What terrible soldiers are these Parisians! said the major, pondering over all the gaps death had made in his regiment. There, as at Chaillot, a band of children assailed some soldiers with fire-arms, and the latter, pursuing their aggressors, entered a house where some workmen were drinking, and those they slaughtered in their blind exasperation.

Utterly reckless of life, the people then, as now, were eager only to take part in the combat:—

Such was the ardent spirit of the people, that

several of them rushed upon the suspension-bridge leading to the Place de Grève, in the middle of which a cannon was pointed against them. Several discharges of grape were sent amongst the assailants, and several times in succession was the bridge frightfully swept by the shot. M. Charras, of the Ecole Polytechnique, was on the left bank, sword in hand. A workman, who was shot down by his side by a ball through the chest, bequeathed him his musket, but ammunition was wanting. A lad of fifteen or sixteen, stepped up to M. Charras, and, showing him a packet of cartridges, said, "We will divide if you like, but on condition that you lend me your gun, that I may fire off my share." The musket was put into his hands, and he ran to have his shot. Just at that moment a body of guards advanced across the bridge; the insurgents vanished up the streets opening on the quay, and among them the intrepid boy. It was on this same field of battle that a young man who carried a tricolour flag, uttered the heroic exclamation, "My friends, if I fall, remember that my name is d'Arcole." He did fall; but the bridge that received his corpse has, at least, preserved his name.

On the capture of the Tuileries the scene was nearly the same as that witnessed on Thursday in last week :—

Many robberies evincing a cultivated taste were committed in this medley concourse. The articles which disappeared, and which have not been recovered, were generally rare books, sumptuous editions, elegant slippers, a multitude of charming trifles, all sorts of things calculated to tempt the cupidity of the refined and fastidious. With these exceptions little mischief was done. The rich man went up to the poor man and said to him, "My friend, you have a gun, keep guard over these splendid cases."—"Very well," replied the poor man, and he would have suffered death rather than have failed to fulfil the order. A young man had got possession of a royal hat, ornamented in a very costly manner; some of the people saw him and stopped him. "Where are you going with that? No stealing here!"—"It is only a token I am taking with me."—"All well and good; but in that case the value of the article is of no consequence." So saying, they took the hat, trampled it under their feet, and returned it to the young man. The people, therefore, kept perfect watch over themselves.

At the Louvre the people indulged their reckless humor by shooting at the effigies of royalty :—

The people broke statues of kings in the palace-halls, portraits of princes were torn with the points of pikes or bayonets, and workmen carried home, as the sole trophy of their victory, some strips of painted canvass. In the hall of the marshals the victors discharged their pieces at some portraits that awakened recollections of perfidy; but many a head was uncovered before the portrait of Macdonald, whom the falling fortunes of his benefactor had found faithful in 1814. A great number of working men had installed themselves in the hall of the throne, each of them sat on the throne in his turn, and then they placed a dead man upon it.

No robbery was permitted, the richest treasures being frequently guarded by the poorest of the combatants :—

About the same time two large chests, covered with grey cloth, arrived on the Place de la Bourse. M. Charles Teste, who then had the command of the Bourse, had them opened. They contained the silver plate of the château, and the most valuable ornaments of the chapel. Those who escorted and protected these rich articles had on their persons nothing but blood-stained rags.

That evening (the 29th July) the bourgeoisie kept armed watch for the preservation of their property. The sentiment of fraternity had abruptly given way among the prosperous to a distrust, composed in part of fear of the return of the troops, and of that of the people in a much greater degree. Vigilant patrols traversed the city in every direction. To pass with any freedom from one place to another it was necessary to be furnished with the watchword. A great number of arbitrary arrests were made; the bourgeois in uniform disarmed the workmen in jackets, and even the bourgeois in plain clothes. Two of the combatants of the preceding day, M. Dupont and Godefroi Cavaignac, were arrested in this way at the Croix Rouge, and only owed it to their determined conduct that they were left in possession of their muskets.

We do not know whether the M. Dupont mentioned in the above paragraph is the M. Dupont (de l'Eure) the president of the provisional committee; but we make no doubt that Godefroi Cavaignac is the new governor-general of Algeria. Summary executions for robbery were frequent. The bourgeoisie showed themselves careful guardians of their own property :—

Property, therefore, ran not the least risk in the month of July; it would have been protected by the providence of the bourgeoisie, even had it not been so by the disinterestedness of the proletaries. We must not omit to say that this disinterestedness was not left without its stimulus. During the days succeeding the victory of Paris the journals vied with each other in extolling the self-denial of the poor; the admiration it called forth was loud and unanimous. It was related that a workman had deposited a silver gilt vase at the prefecture of police, and would not even state his name; that another had found a bag containing three thousand francs under the wicket of the Louvre, and had immediately carried it to the commune. A phrase uttered by an unfortunate artisan was greatly admired, "Equality before the law is all very well; but equality of fortune is an impossibility." Lastly, there was no end of magnifying the good conduct displayed by the people in shooting robbers taken in the fact, and the number of these popular executions was designedly exaggerated. A man having been arrested for purloining a piece of plate of very small value, he was dragged away under an arch of the Pont d'Arcole. The wretched man burst into tears, and cried out, "What! death for such a little thing! It was poverty that tempted me. Mercy; I have a family. Let me at least embrace my wife and children for the last time. Is there never a man among you that has suffered the pangs of hunger? Mercy! mercy!" He was made to kneel down, and was shot dead. There was nothing spontaneous in this savage act of justice on the part of those who executed it; the order for the murder emanated from the Hotel de Ville.

When the fighting was over the National Guards mustered strongly. The Liberal deputies with Laf-

fitte, Lafayette, Dupont (de l'Eure), de Puyraveau, Gerard, Sebastiani, Thiers, Guizot, Casimir Périer, Garnier Pages, and others, assembled and took possession of the government, for there were few republicans in those days. The chamber met on the 30th, and Laffitte was installed president. The populace were clamorous for admission, but that was not allowed. "This is not a sitting," said Laffitte dexterously, "but a simple assemblage of deputies;" and so the mob was excluded. Louis Blanc notices the importance of this exclusion. "The publicity of the proceedings at such a moment," he says, "would have been tantamount to a democracy." Let the reader return to the report we give of the proceedings in the chamber on the 24th of February last, and he will at once recognize the truth of this observation. The revolutionary party on this occasion played their cards skilfully. The populace were admitted. Pikes and loaded muskets drove the deputies from their seats; the provisional government was carried amid the roar of the rabble, and democracy was established. The difference between the two sittings, after the fighting was over, sufficiently marks the destructive character of the two revolutions.

The chamber, independent and unfettered, and fully possessing the confidence of the bourgeoisie, were in treaty at one and the same moment with Charles X. and the Duke of Orleans. But the partisans of the latter were numerous among the deputies and active among the people. On the 31st of July, Louis Philippe entered Paris, and that day, says Louis Blanc, "the revolution was betrayed." The middle classes flocked about him, and the working men, who had fought and gained the battle, were allowed no voice in the matter. In the view of the people Louis Philippe embraced Laffitte as he read the declaration of the chamber inviting the duke to accept the office of lieutenant-general. "Trial by jury for offences of the press," said Laffitte. "It is almost unnecessary," said the king; "there will be no offences of the press now."

That same evening a party of young republicans, "men who combined great personal bravery with prompt and vivid intellectual powers," had an interview with the lieutenant-general, being introduced by M. Thiers. Among them were two persons who have taken an active part in the existing revolution, Godefroi Cavaignac and M. Thomas, the present editor of the *National*. Pointing to the latter, Thiers said, "There is a handsome colonel." The historian says, "His insinuations, the suggestions of a vulgar cunning, were repulsed with disdain."

The conference began with one of the party telling Louis Philippe that he would be king on the morrow, an announcement he received with polite incredulity, and by asking him what was his opinion of the treaties of 1815:—

"Supposing you become king, what is your opinion as to the treaties of 1815? It is not a liberal revolution, you will observe, that has been made in the streets; it is a national revolution. The sight

of the tri-color flag was what stirred up the people, and it would certainly be easier to push Paris towards the Rhine than upon St. Cloud."

The Duc d'Orleans replied that he was no partisan of the treaties of 1815; but that it was important to observe a very wary discretion in the presence of foreign powers, and that there were sentiments which it was not expedient to utter aloud.

"Monseigneur," said M. Bastide, with almost ironical smoothness, "for the sake of the crown itself you ought to convoke the primary assemblies."

The prince withdrew the hand that rested negligently on M. Bastide's arm, fell-back two steps, changed countenance, and, breaking out into a rapid flow of words, he dilated on the revolution, on its excesses, on the many dismal pages to be contrasted with a few glorious ones; and he pointed to two pictures of the battles of Jemmapes and Valmy. He then went on to attack in very explicit terms the system pursued by the convention, when M. Godefroi Cavaignac, bending on him a fixed and stern look that abashed the prince's, exclaimed roughly, "Do you forget, monsieur, that my father was a member of the convention?" "So was mine, monsieur," replied the Duc d'Orleans, "and I never knew a more respectable man." The bystanders gave attentive ear to this altercation between two sons of regicides. The Duc d'Orleans complained of the calumnies propagated against his family, and M. Boinvilliers having expressed his apprehension that the Carlists and the clergy would be found besetting the avenues to the palace, "Oh! as for them," said the duke, energetically, "they have struck too roughly at my house; there is an eternal barrier between us."

When the republicans were about taking their leave, the Duc d'Orleans said to them in an engaging tone, "You will come again to me; you will see!" And the word *never* having struck his ear, "You must never pronounce that word," he said, quoting a vulgar aphorism, and like a man who had little faith in intractable convictions.

The young men who had fought side by side with the people in the three days withdrew with heavy hearts. "Only a two hundred and twenty-one," said M. Bastide as he left the palace.

"What is your opinion of the treaties of 1815?" That is a question which must soon be pushed on the provisional committee. "It is not a *liberal* revolution that has been made in the streets, but a *national* revolution." "It would be easier to push Paris towards the Rhine than upon St. Cloud." These sentences are more applicable to the present than the late revolution. Hope as we may, despise facts as we will, no one acquainted with the sentiments of the republican party, which has now gained the ascendancy in France, can doubt that, sooner or later, the treaties of 1815 will be trampled in the mire by the armed sections of Paris, and that throughout France the cry will arise "To the Rhine!"

The change of dynasty took place in the chamber with perfect order and regularity. The deputies met and deliberated in peace and security, and Louis Philippe ascended the throne amidst their warmest acclamations. His ministry was at first strong, from comprising the most eminent names of the liberal party, Lafayette, Laffitte, Dupont

(de l'Eure,) Odilon Barrot, and others. Yet for some months the new dynasty seemed insecure, from the efforts made by the republicans, and turbulent assemblages of the people were numerous and menaced. They were restrained only by the strength of the government. Even the most popular personages were not always safe from insult. "I do not recognize here," said Lafayette, on one occasion, "the heroes of July." "No wonder," was the reply, "you were not amongst them."

Quiet as the revolution had been, it was speedily followed by deep distress, and by a fearful decline of the revenue. The paragraphs on this head are instructive :—

Meanwhile, frightful distress was beginning to prevail among the working classes. Those men who cried "Vive la Charte!" and who had for three days fought for it so gallantly, were amazed at the increase of suffering their victory entailed upon them. The measure adopted by the municipal commission and by Lafayette on the 31st of July, of creating a movable national guard, and decreeing that the soldiers should receive thirty sous daily pay, could only have been intended as a provisional measure; besides, it was not acted upon.

Thanks to ingenious contrivances, deceitful promises, and some well-placed largesses, the people had been easily brought to disperse and disarm. A proclamation was then posted up beginning with these words:—"Brave workmen, return to your workshops." The poor fellows did return thither, and found no work.

Capital disappeared, as might but too well have been foreseen, and all the relations of trade were interrupted. Every shot fired during the three days had been the prelude to a bankruptcy. The bank of France, though instituted for the purpose of providing against great emergencies, regulated its issues by its fears with cruel prudence; and sentinels as usual kept watch over its vaults filled with gold, in a city swarming with paupers.

Every day added to the distress of the people, which was evidenced by innumerable facts. The most considerable of all the printing-offices in the capital employed, when the revolution broke out, about two hundred workmen, who each earned regularly from four to six francs a day. After the revolution the premises were closed for eight or ten days, at the end of which time ten or twelve workmen were taken back; and six months afterwards the men employed in that establishment were but five-and-twenty, who earned, not four, five, or six francs, as before, but twenty-five or thirty sous per day. Yet printing seemed less likely to suffer than other businesses from the results of the troubles. From this we may conjecture the immensity of the disasters. The house No. 28, in the Rue Chapon, Quartier des Gravilliers, let out to two hundred workmen of different trades, brought in a rent of seventeen thousand francs up to the time of the revolution. After that event the receipts suddenly fell to ten thousand; and at this day, after a lapse of more than ten years, it does not yet amount to more than fourteen thousand francs.

The remedy suggested by the historian is precisely that which has been adopted by the provisional government on the present occasion :—

There was a surer means of employing many workmen who wanted bread. The arsenals con-

tained but nine hundred thousand muskets, and three millions were requisite to arm the national guard throughout the kingdom. Urgent solicitations were daily addressed to the minister of the interior, who, in his turn, applied to the minister of war; and after all only five hundred thousand muskets were delivered. In vain were earnest and repeated applications made for the manufacture of those that were wanting; in vain was it demanded on behalf of all the workers in wood and iron that a great factory should be opened in Paris; in vain were satisfactory propositions transmitted to the offices of war from various parts of the kingdom, and particularly from St. Etienne. All these efforts were unavailing, and had no other effect than to awaken the spirit of speculation.

Woe to those who cast themselves at random into revolutions, and who rush to the fight with unknown war-cries.

As the winter advanced the distress deepened :—

Ere long an extreme agitation manifested itself among the people. Wretches, covered with dirty rags, just as Paris had lately seen them braving death, assembled tumultuously in the public places. Concourses gathered before the offices of the several ministers in the Place de Grève, in front of the Palais Royal, and in every spot that was the abode of power and pleasure. The sufferings of the poor found expression by turns in fiery invectives and in touching lamentations. Some bewailed the abrupt suspension of work, others the diminution of wages; some indignantly denounced the preference given in certain factories to foreign workmen; all execrated the murderous influence of machinery. Have we fought for so little? they exclaimed. Here we are, worse off after the event than before it. What a destiny is ours, and what do they mean by talking of our victory? They call us the sovereign people, and we are not even proprietors of our own hands and arms. We have saved the country, so they declare, and our families droop around us, with no alternative but beggary or despair.

It is certain that the revolution of July had rendered the sufferings of the working classes more acute. The vanquished party consisted of opulent men; its defeat was a heavy blow to all the employments dependent on luxury. The future, too, was uncertain; war was possible; and the enthusiasm affected by statesmen only veiled the distrust that narrowed the hearts of the rich. Hence irreparable disasters, and among the people a bitterness of feeling exasperated by disappointed hopes.

That which was an inevitable effect of the revolution is attributed by the author to the misconduct of the government. We shall now see how the provisional committee will be able to manage these matters. They have our best hopes of the future, but we cannot refrain from gloomy apprehensions.

The strong ministry soon broke up. Lafayette and Dupont retired before the close of 1830. Lafitte resigned early in 1831. With his resignation, and the ministry of Casimir Périer, the author regards the revolution as finished. The policy of the king had developed itself in the pacific and moderate course he adopted with regard to the revolution in Belgium and the movement in Italy. "French blood belongs only to France," exclaimed Casimir Périer, in his first address to the chamber. The

commentary of Louis Blanc is worth quoting, for the insight it gives into the sympathies of the republicans :—

Impious words! Ignorant and narrow-minded blasphemy! the genius of France having ever consisted in her cosmopolitanism, and self-sacrifice having been imposed on her by God equally as an element of her might and a condition of her existence.

The budget of 1831 disclosed an alarming view of the state of the national finances. The revenue receipts, from the commencement of August to the close of December, 1830, showed a decline of upwards of thirty-one millions of francs. In the same period thirty millions of francs had been advanced to relieve commercial distress, and the increase of expenditure besides was fifty-four millions. The republicans loudly declared that the genius of the revolution must confess itself bankrupt, and loudly proclaimed to the people that an addition to their burdens must be the first consequence of their success :—

In truth, that throne seemed then suspended over a precipice. By the reviving joy of the vanquished one might judge the vastness of the public calamities. Their journals reckoned up the recent bankruptcies with pitiless exactness. They asked ironically why the strongest house in Bordeaux suspended payment! why M. Vassal was reduced to the same extremity, M. Vassal who had clapped his hands at the revolution! and why the credit of M. Laffitte himself was beginning to waver!

Then came the republicans, whose accusations struck still deeper. The first need of the people was to live. Well, then, above that people which wanted bread, what was beheld? Ministers busied in distributing places. It was high time to put an end to the scandal of this indifference. They pointed to the fact that disturbances had broken out in the departments du Tarn and de Seine-et-Oise; that the fear of a famine had excited great apprehension at the last market of Corbeil; that in nearly fifty departments the indirect imposts yielded nothing, or were collected only by force; and that at Bordeaux it had been necessary to point cannon at the multitude to quell their violence.

On occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque the Orleans dynasty was in serious danger. While the people thronged the streets, some of the opposition deputies assembled at Laffitte's. Lafayette was among them, and addressed the meeting :—

Recalling with a magnanimous disapprobation of himself the days of July, that everlasting warning to nations, his illusions so miserably destroyed, his confidence so terribly deceived, his blindness so severely punished, he indignantly repudiated the idea of anything like hope from a monarchy. But this courageous and sincere old man spoke to politicians whom monarchy held fast under its subjection by all-powerful allurements. The members present named three gentlemen of their number as a deputation: M. Francis Arago, Marshal Clausel, and M. Laffitte. The marshal having declined to act, M. Odilon Barrot was appointed in his place. At this juncture they received information that the insurrection was suppressed, and the deputies at once separated, looking upon the object of their

assembling, so far, as at an end. On leaving the house M. Arago met in the courtyard M. Savary and M. Alexandre Dumas, a savant and a poet. Both of them men of high spirit, they no sooner heard what had taken place at Laffitte's than they burst out into language full of vehemence and bitterness, exclaiming that Paris had but waited an intelligible signal to rise as one man; and that they regarded as deeply guilty towards their country those deputies who had manifested such eager haste to disavow and reject the efforts of the people, grudging it those high destinies which its magnanimous spirit aspired to, and which the grandeur of its courage well merited.

Arago, Odilon Barrot, and Laffitte, on this occasion, had an interview with the king. A man met them at the royal entrance with the significant expression :—"Take care, gentlemen; M. Guizot has just quitted the apartments of the king; your lives are not safe." The king, however, met them kindly, and took credit to himself for firmly repressing all insurrectionary movements :—

Among the expressions which escaped the king in the course of one of his impromptu speeches on this occasion, the deputation remarked the following, as coming somewhat unguardedly from the mouth of so very diplomatic a monarch :—"In all the nations of Europe the elements of revolution exist, but all of them haven't got the stuff of a Duke of Orleans to put an effectual stop to their progress."

That sentence reads curiously at the present moment. The current of revolutionary opinion has at last been too strong for the king to stem.

In these pages we find frequent mention of those names which have figured prominently in the days of February, 1848. Cavaignac was prosecuted for his connection with the Society of the Friends of the People, and made an effective speech in vindicating the principles of the society :—

Morality and well-being, that is to say, equality, must be established in this world. The title of man must avail to obtain for all those who bear it a common religious respect for their rights, a pious sympathy for their wants. The religion which we profess is that which will change horrid prisons into penitentiaries, and which will abolish the penalty of death in the name of human inviolability.

As for labor, we demand that it be no longer made subordinate to the interests of the greedy and the idle; we demand that the working man be no longer made the helpless drudge of the capitalist; that the labor of his hands be not his sole source of gain; that he find in the establishment of public banks, in the diffusion of instruction both general and special to his calling, in the sage administration of justice and the equitable adjustment of taxation, in the multiplication of the means of inter-communication, and in the power of association itself, the means of lightening his tasks, of emancipating his capabilities, and of recompensing his industry and courage. We demand above all that labor shall constitute the first of all claims to the exercise of political rights, for societies subsist by labor, and not by property.

Ferdinand Flocon is he who issued that duelling manifesto to the legitimists which provoked so

much notice at the time. When the Duchess of Berri was captured, and those rumors were circulated respecting her which were subsequently found to have a foundation in fact, some satirical paragraphs appeared in the republican prints. These attacks were warmly resented by the legitimists, and the writers of them were challenged. It was in this dispute that Armand Carrel was wounded by the hand of Roux Laborie. The mob, indignant with the legitimists, beset the office of the *Gazette de France*, intending to break up its presses. They were restrained by Ferdinand Flocon, who published this curious letter to the legitimist leaders:—

Messieurs—You do not choose that the people should speak ill of the Duchess de Berri; you say that she is a woman, an unfortunate and captive woman; a mother, deprived of her children; you say that regard is due to the female sex, to weakness and misfortune. You set yourselves up as her champion.

And we, having taken part in the revolution of July, we declare that we will not suffer you any longer to insult it in your journals.

We did think that the care of its defence might still be left to those who have profited by it. We think so no longer. The revolution of July is a principle. The men who have usurped it permit you to attack it. The revolution of July is oppressed and persecuted every day in the persons of those who effected it; the prisons are filled with its friends and representatives; the registers of the gaols are scribbled all over with the names of the defenders of liberty. If, then, you claim the privilege of the unfortunate and the oppressed, that privilege belongs to us as much and more than to you.

For us, we were upon the ground on the day of the fight. We looked for you, and did not find you, and now you show yourselves. You dare to forbid us to speak of your dame.

Well, then, our dame is Liberty; our dame is the revolution of July, and we forbid you to speak of her, good or bad.

You have held meetings in the capital, the avowed object of which was to manifest your sympathy for a cause which the nation repudiates. The capital, amazed at your audacity, has vainly awaited the repression of so much effrontery by legal means. We forbid you to hold similar meetings for the future.

And since the executive approves of you, for it tolerates you, we declare to you that, upon the very first occasion on which you shall have had the insolence to announce a public meeting of legitimists, we will do what the executive ought to have done long ago, we will disperse you by force,

(Signed) P. C. C. FERDINAND FLOCON.

Cavaignac and Marrast also took part in this singular contest. At a subsequent period we find Armand Marrast and Godefroi Cavaignac editors of the *Tribune*, a noted revolutionary print, and summoned to the bar of the chamber of deputies for impeaching the integrity of its members. Louis Blanc himself was editor of another paper, inclining to communist principles, known as the *Bon Sens*. In 1837 a republican association was formed for the defence of the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the press; it was organized into various committees, and among the names we find

those of Garnier Pages, of A. Marrast, of M. Marie, of G. Cavaignac, and of E. Arago. The object of the pure republicans may be conjectured from the sketch of a constitution issued by Charles Teste:—

A republican association had been formed for the defence of the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the press, and was organized into various committees.* The committee of inquiry was charged with collecting all the facts relative to the arrests which had been made; and these facts were made public in a report, as bitter as it was spirited, drawn up by M. Pagnerre, one of the secretaries to the committee. This report attracted considerable attention, and raised a furious controversy; but the journeymen's unions were forcibly dissolved, and the malcontents were restrained by menaces.

As early as February, 1833, one of our noblest citizens, M. Charles Teste, had published a draught of a constitution, based on the two following principles:—"All property, movable or immovable, contained within the national territory, or anywhere possessed by its citizens, belongs to the people, who alone can regulate its distribution. Labor is a debt which every healthy citizen owes to society; idleness ought to be branded as a robbery, and as a perpetual source of immorality."

There are in this book some savage passages directed against England. On the cold reception of poor Charles X. at Holyrood it is remarked:—

The English aristocracy had a double purpose to serve in outraging, or suffering outrages to be heaped on, the white hairs of a guilty but unfortunate prince; it wished on the one hand to take vengeance for the preference Charles X. had shown to Russia; and, on the other, it hoped to win the alliance of that new France of which it was afraid. The French bourgeoisie was too much engrossed with the pride of its triumph, and too little initiated into the mysteries of British diplomacy, to see through this deep and artful policy; it took for the expression of disinterested good will what was but a crafty device of selfishness, and a hypocritical form disguising an undying hatred.

Will the republicans be better pleased with the more generous reception given to the Orleans family! Before Mr. Cobden delivers his next speech on the friendly feeling of France for the trade, we advise him to peruse this passage from Louis Blanc, and an influential member of the provisional government, on the state of England in 1830:—

Everything then was declining in England, agriculture, industry, commerce, and finance. And during this time Ireland, whose evils were incapable of augmentation, and whose passions had not been allayed by the recent emancipation of the Catholics—Ireland was in a ferment, and began her vengeance against her oppressors by sending them O'Connell.

What remedy was to be found for this fearful amount of evils? A commission of inquiry was proposed. But that would have rendered it neces-

*The members of these committees were—MM. Lafayette, Garnier Pages, Cormenin, Voyer d'Argenson, Joly, Audry de Puyraveau, Corbet, all deputies: MM. A. Carrel, A. Marrast, Guinard, J. Bernard, Pagnerre, Dupont, Marie, Boussi, Rittiez, Audiat, Boissaye, Conseil, Desjardins, G. Cavaignac, Marchet, Fenet, and E. Arago.

sary to avow in the face of Europe that the policy of England had never been anything else but a criminal blunder, and that after having overthrown many a kingdom, fomented a thousand revolts, violated treaties, ravaged provinces, fired towns, insolently enslaved the seas, and *all this to find purchasers for English goods*, that after all this that policy resulted only in impotence. It is certain that, in making it her system to substitute her own activity for that of all the nations rendered tributary to her trade, England had not perceived that she would end by impoverishing them, and that her own ruin would be consummated on the day when she should have made them all incapable of cashing their acceptances. Neither had she reflected that, to render palpable the madness of her system, no more was necessary than that a few great nations should be tempted to imitate it. This is what an inquiry would have clearly revealed.

France is little likely to adopt the policy of free trade while such sentiments are prevalent with her most popular rulers. Louis Blanc, indeed, goes the length of declaiming against competition in every shape, and asserts that it is the cause of universal distress and ruin :—

Struggles between producers for the possession of the market, between the members of the working class for the possession of employment; struggles of the manufacturer against the poor man on the subject of wages, of the poor man against the machine, which by supplanting him devoted him to starvation: such was, under the name of competition, the characteristic feature in the situation of things regarded in a commercial and manufacturing point of view. And what disasters in consequence! Great capitals ensuring the victory in economic wars, like great battalions in other wars, and the laissez faire system thus leading to the most odious monopolies; great commercial enterprises ruining the small; usury, that modern feudalism worse than the ancient, gradually usurping the soil; and manorial property encumbered with more than a thousand millions; artisans, proprietors of their own industry, giving place to workmen who had no property in their own toil; a vile cupidity burying capital in wild speculations; all interests armed one against the other, the vine-growers against the wood-owners, the manufacturers of beet-root sugar against the colonies, the seaports against the factories of the interior, the southern against the northern provinces, Bordeaux against Paris; here markets glutted, and capitalists in despair; there workshops closed, and the operative starving; commerce degraded by tacit consent into a traffic of tricks and lies; the nation marching to the reconstitution of feudal property through usury, and to the establishment of a moneyed oligarchy by means of credit; all the discoveries of science transformed into means of oppression; all the conquests achieved by the genius of man over nature converted into weapons of strife, and tyranny multiplied in some sort by progress itself; the proletariat made the understrapper of a machine, or in times of crisis seeking his bread between revolt and begging; the father of the poor going to die at sixty in a lazaret-house, and the daughter of the poor man forced to prostitute herself at sixteen for subsistence, and the son of the poor man reduced to breathe at the age of seven the noisome air of the factories to add to the scanty wages of the family; the bed of the journeyman, improvident through wretchedness, become frightfully prolific; and pau-

perism threatening the realm with an inundation of beggars; such was the picture which society then presented.

Some predictions hazarded in this history have been confirmed by events in a remarkable degree. The author is an eloquent and enthusiastic man, with ideas of human perfectibility much more creditable to his moral feeling than his judgment. His book fairly reveals the principles of the men with whom he is now associated in power. They look to a social even more than to a political revolution, the leading principle of their creed being, that labor, as it is the source of all wealth and all progress, should control all property and direct all government. Under a thin disguise of names, it is easy to perceive that the most enthusiastic members of the party are for a division of all property, and for the establishment of some such institutions as those under which ancient Sparta flourished.

We conclude our notice of this remarkable book with sketches of some of the celebrated personages who are just now the objects of public attention :—

DUPONT (DE L'EURE.)

Dupont (de l'Eure) yielded at last, and consented to be presented to the lieutenant-general, whose reception of him was full of good nature and cordiality. The new minister began by expressing his distaste for the practice of a ministerial life; he said he was not a courtier, and that his habits and affections were republican. The prince replied that there would be no court, and that for his own part he regretted that he could not live in a republican country like America. Dupont (de l'Eure) made no secret of his apprehensions, and during all this interview his language was that of a free man. But what fitting place could there be for a citizen of this mould in a new monarchy, and among parvenus making their incipient essays in flattery, in fine manners, and in intrigue! Straightforward judgment, inexorable common sense, a frank demeanor, goodness of heart blended with honorable bluntness, great application to business—these are not qualities sufficient to give their possessor the mastery over the complications that arise, in a corrupt region, from the clashing of interests and the play of the passions. Dupont (de l'Eure) took of fice with qualities similar to those of Roland, but under circumstances much more unfavorable. Now, it is well known that Roland could not make himself acceptable to Louis XVI., who yet was well qualified to appreciate simple and modest virtues.

GUIZOT.

Another member of this ministry (the first ministry of Louis Philippe) was M. Guizot, a man of sour and haughty temper, steeped in pride, impassioned under an outward appearance of calmness. You could easily recognize the man by his noble but melancholy forehead, his drily cut lips, his cold, disdainful smile, and a certain drooping of the body, the index of a troubled soul. We have since seen him in the chambers, his bilious and worn features distinguishable far off from those around him. When provoked by his adversaries he bent upon them a look of piercing scorn, and erected his head upon his bent frame with an indescribable expression of anger and irony. His peremptory gestures, and his dogmatic tone (he was a Protestant and a professor) gave him something

of the air of one who was not to be put down; but his firmness was all apparent; in reality he possessed no activity of mind or vigor of will. The consistency even which was remarked in M. Guizot's writings had in it something of the pertinacity of the master who will not condescend to contradict himself before his pupils. He was thought to be cruel; perhaps he was so only in his speeches; but, in the refinement of his pride, he was fond of compromising himself, and, whilst he wilfully and designedly let his virtues be overlooked, he made a parade of vices artificially put on. The versatility of his political conduct was no secret to any one in 1830, and the recollection of the part he had played in 1815 had made him the object of keen attacks. He took little heed of them. Faithful in friendship, that none might have cause to repent of having trusted in his fortunes, he had always affected to despise his enemies that he might not be suspected of fearing them. His talent consisted in veiling under the solemn pomp with which he enunciated them a great poverty of views, and sentiments devoid of grandeur. His word nevertheless had weight; and his disinterestedness, the grave tenor of his life, his domestic virtues, and the austerity of his manners, marked him out from the frivolous and greedy society in which he moved. Add to this, that he had the art, like Casimir Périer, of ennobling mean designs, and of serving whilst appearing to reign.

GARNIER PAGES.

Endowed with intellectual superiority, Garnier Pages was more especially distinguished for his subtlety of mind, his penetration, his calm, decorous prudence; for his singular skill in setting the two parties adverse to him together by their ears, and making them ruin one another, while he himself obtained the esteem and approbation of both. Garnier Pages had not, like Armand Carrel, become, gradually and insensibly, a convert to republicanism; at his very outset into the career of politics, and even before 1830, he had declared himself a republican. His youth had been a youth of labor; the child of parents whom unmerited misfortune had borne down, he had suffered much for himself and for a brother, whose destiny was appointed to remain throughout life united with his own in the bonds of the most tender friendship. At length, "Be it thy care to provide for our worldly fortune," said the eldest of the two brothers to the other; "as for me, my task shall be to render our name honored among men!" and with this compact they went forth into the great world, strong in their mutual devotion. The rigors of fate are fatal only to feeble natures. Garnier Pages brought with him into the career of politics all those qualities which adversity bestows upon select minds; the habit of observation, calmness in discussion, a wholesome appreciation of difficulties, a knowledge of the world, a practical method of considering its daily occurrences. Now, these are precisely the qualities which, in the constitutional regime, adapt a man for taking part in the exercise of power; their possession would have placed a politician of an inferior order of ambition in the ministry; in Garnier Pages they only served to create for him an important and novel position in the opposition. Affable and insinuating, his quick, ready mind, his simplicity of manners, his familiar grace, his language, wherein a masterly power of attack was tempered by natural good taste, soon obtained for him in parliament an influence of which, at first, the boldness of his soli-

tary opinions appeared to give him no chance. It is certain that he possessed, in the very highest degree, the art of bringing over to him the hearts of his adversaries, in the midst of all his extreme views. When he addressed the chamber, on every bench there instantly prevailed an attention full of regard and kindness. And, indeed, no one better merited than he to be listened to. Sometimes, in language easy, simple, admirably clear, he would discuss the most obscure and complicated questions of political economy or finance; at other times, armed with aggressive and cutting eloquence, he would disconcert the ministers by unexpected interrogatories, would humiliate the court by disclosures that filled the whole audience with astonishment, would chastise those who ventured to interrupt him by the readiest and most telling repartees, and compel every fraction of a monarchical chamber to desire to see him in the breach, and to honor in him the genius of republicanism. Amid the prejudices perfidiously spread abroad against radicalism in the minds of men who condemned it without knowing anything about it, Garnier Pages was a champion whom it would have been very difficult to replace. An elegant and graceful gentleman, he appeared there the representative of a party who were described as rough, uncouth, savage.

The declared enemy of all violence, he furnished in his own person an effectual reply to those men with whom the idea of a republic was inseparable from that of the scaffold; and he constantly put to confusion, by his vast and various knowledge of affairs, those *soi-disant* practical statesmen who affected to regard, as pure utopianisms, all that rose above the level of their understandings.

LAMARTINE.

In appearance M. de Lamartine is the nobleman. His features are finely chiselled, his figure tall and slight, his manner easy, though dignified, and he adds to the style of the perfect gentleman the spontaneous elegance which is composed of exquisite nothings. Only, his addiction to poetry having accustomed him to pomp of diction, he is unskilled in the language of the drawing-room, the light and lively babble of the day. That such a man should be a democrat was astonishing to some, though nothing, however, was more true. And if democracy had not been his first worship, it was because he had only seen her through the dust raised by the battles of half a century; because he had seen her bleeding, tattered, always ready to treat with death, and knowing neither how to set restraints upon herself nor to perpetuate her triumphs. How was it possible that the poet of the "Meditations," so calm and gentle that he was himself almost a breathing lyre, should not have been revolted by such a spectacle! How was it possible that so harmonious a soul should not have been troubled by those numerous hymns chanted in honor of slaughter! But false appearances only exercise a passing influence on superior men. They easily perceive the march of grand ideas through the disorders which reveal, even whilst obscuring, them. Moreover, we do not love the people for their virtues. We must love them, gross and vicious as they are, for the virtues which they have not, but which they certainly would have had if they had not been deprived of the education which was their due, and stunted in the happiness to which they had a right. M. de Lamartine was a Christian, heart and soul, and to do the people this justice was a sentiment not too lofty for him. And then, like all

the truly great and strong-minded, he could comprehend that they only deserve empire who are borne to it by public acclaim; that the hallowing of any prescriptive right which delivers the people to the guidance of pastors chosen by chance is madness; and that to resign the government of human affairs to folly or baseness is a great impiety. Unfortunately M. Lamartine is impassioned to a degree which sets the suspicious on their guard against him. He was ardently desired as an ally—but was one sure of him; was there not a danger of losing him? The magnanimity with which he would acknowledge an error, and the intrepidity with which he would announce a change of opinion, gave a tone of indecision to his policy—and he was lowered by it, to his real exaltation. On the other hand, he seemed as ill-calculated for the leader of a party as Chateaubriand. Not that he neglected the practical side of things. On the contrary, he would busy himself in such matters with a sort of childish anxiety, as if he dreaded that his fame would otherwise suffer, and that poetry should be exposed, in his person, to the scorn of men of business. But to be a leader of a party is to be its slave; and when command becomes a haughty form of obedience, then a total renunciation of self, of one's own ideas, and, at times, a servility of ambition, are required, of which men of genius are incapable. A demagogue M. de Lamartine could not become. He was never seen to give way in the chamber to that hostile look, menacing gesture, sudden start, or unexpected burst, which challenge and provoke passion, and act on an assembly like tempestuous winds on the billows of the sea. His action was deliberate; his words, of purple and gold, fell from his lips with slow and measured cadence; his lofty figure preserved a coldly dignified port; and, if we may so express ourselves, the pulsations of his eloquence beat too temperately and uniformly. But there is one glory which is indisputably M. de Lamartine's. At an epoch when many republicans had not got beyond the notion that the substitution of a consul for a king would ensure the weal of the people, he, a legitimatist but newly converted, already heralded social reform. The ancients, as all know, honored poets with the designation of vates, or prophet; and M. de Lamartine was a poet in the noblest acceptation of the word, since there came a time when, courageously shaking off the prejudices of half a life, and deserting the cause of power, that is, force, he rivetted the attention of his fellow-men by the noise of his illustrious defection, and pointed to the luminous path which will be run by future generations.

ARAGO.

It had been the fortune of this illustrious man to enter upon the actual pursuit of glory at an age when, in general, men scarcely dare to dream of it. At twenty, M. Arago was selected by the Bureau des Longitudes to carry on the meridian of France to the south of Spain; and in the accomplishment of this task he underwent a thousand hardships and dangers. He spent six months on an isolated mountain peak, waiting for the moment when it should be possible to make an observation. Upon the first entrance of the French into the peninsula he was thrown into prison in Valencia as an envoy from Napoleon; afterwards, having been taken to Algiers, he was making his way back to France, when he was captured in sight of Marseilles by a Spanish corsair, taken to Rosa, and then put into a pontoon at Palamos. During his severe captivity

at Rosa and Palamos he carried his devotions to science so far as to reject the opportunity of escape, that he might not lose his instruments, and the result of his observations. Such was the commencement of M. Arago's scientific life, so remarkable for its valuable labors and discoveries.

M. Arago's peculiar characteristic was, the versatility of his talents. Renowned through all Europe as a professor and savant, he displayed in debate a copious, luminous, eloquence, abounding in facts, citations, and striking details; and certainly not one of the first writers among his contemporaries could have hoped to surpass him for amplitude, suppleness, and, above all, perspicuity of style. There was something dazzling in his superiority in this respect, and it made him one of the most successful popularizers of science that ever existed.

A man thus organized could not keep aloof from politics, the more especially as he was impelled towards them by a mind naturally given to command, and an immense appetite for action; for nothing seemed to come amiss to that highly-gifted nature; meditation or action; the calmness of study, and the stir and bustle of human affairs; solitary contemplation of the heavens, and the noise and storms of the forum.

Mighty in science, M. Arago was, perhaps, still more so in passion. Accordingly, he could not long remain contented with the sort of dictatorship which the Académie des Sciences had voluntarily accorded to him; though there he had obstacles to overcome, conflicts to sustain, and enemies to quell. But he needed more than this to give his faculties adequate employment; he had, therefore, rushed into politics, and the democratic cause had attracted him with that potent force which it exercises over all sovereign natures. And who was more adapted than he to figure in it with distinction? With no less capacity for exciting the feelings of the people than for instructing their minds, he compelled the acquiescence of some by the authority of his name, and others he carried away by the energy of his kindly and guileless soul.

Had need been, the part of a tribune would not have proved too arduous for his zeal; and yet he possessed not that species of superiority which enabled Mirabeau to sport with the wordy tempest, to breathe in it with a proud ease, to revel in contradiction, and to make even the fierce enmities he excited contribute to his exaltation. Accustomed, as a professor, to the applause of his hearers, M. Arago put forth his whole strength only before an audience disposed to understand and admire him. The murmurs of a hostile assembly did not, indeed, quell his courage, but had a chilling effect upon the sources of his eloquence. One spring evening, as he was walking in the garden of the observatory, with some members of his family, and a friend, he took pleasure in explaining the heads of a speech he intended to deliver next day in the chamber. Its purport was to vindicate the people from patrician scorn, by tracing the history of the services rendered by it to science, and enumerating the great men that had issued from its body. Beginning in a conversational tone, by degrees he warmed with his subject, until his eloquence became sublime. We fancy we can see him still on that terrace, whence you look down on Paris, with his lofty stature, and his face like that of an Arab chief, his head bare, his arm outstretched, his eye sparkling, his hair tossing in the wind, the crown of his head gleaming in the last rays of the sun, which was setting in burning gold. No, never was the aspect of man

more majestic, and never did thoughts that sprang direct from the heart clothe themselves in more solemn and noble forms. Next day we went to hear M. Arago in the chamber, and could hardly believe it was the same man, so attentive did he appear to the imbecile murmurs which the eulogium of the people provoked in the assembly.

M. DE CORMENIN.

Judging from appearance, when you looked at the man and observed his countenance, impressed with a reserve which suggested to your mind somewhat of the studied, the ironical; his deportment so full of retiring modesty; his unimpassioned gesture; his slow movements; his gentle, pensive smile, you might well have been disposed to assign to M. de Cormenin far more of circumspection than of daring. In his conversation, inexpressibly charming from his manner, but made up, for the most part, of unfinished sentences, he was constantly hesitating; and the presence of a large assemblage was almost always sure to call up into his face a sort of scared look, the effect of which, however, was modified by the general sweetness of his expression. We have seen him in the tribune: his hands trembled on the marble, his voice died away in broken sentences, and every movement of his frame betrayed his agitation. It is easy to conceive what would be the attitude of such a man in the very midst of unexampled excitement and agitation. In fact, he had, in the first instance, altogether restricted his attention to those peaceful studies wherein it was his mission to become the creator of administrative science, the luminary of the council of state. Everything about him, even his domestic habits, and his literary scrupulosities, seemed to announce in him a man born for the silence of the cabinet. Never was there a writer who combed out, as it were, his sentences with more complacent assiduity, who set forth his style with more exquisite coquetry. Yet, all the while, in this man without assurance, this orator without address, this solitary logician, this retiring legist, this fincical polisher of phrases, nature had, moreover, produced a pamphleteer, as violent as Juvenal; as severe, as cutting, as uncompromising as Milton. The deplorable tendency manifested by monarchies to absorb the public wealth is their least fault; it is their endeavour to debase the public mind, which above all things should be charged upon them as a crime; for it is not sufficient to inspire nations with strong and even legitimate hatreds, it is necessary still more to inspire them with high-souled hatred, to ennoble the passions which you excite. To the great object we have here referred to, M. de Cormenin occasionally applied himself in his pamphlets, but, perhaps, not often enough. For it was more especially the cupidity displayed by the court, which it was his wont to attack, aware as he was that in a corrupt age questions of money have a commanding importance. And most effectively did he treat these questions, giving life to figures, eloquence to calculations; by turns gravely reasoning and impetuously assailing; proving his case by the most elaborate computations, and then overwhelming those against whom he had proved it with the bitterest sarcasm. His adversaries fell around him, pierced through and through at once with the barbed arrows of logic and of railery. Skilful in seizing to the purpose the popular discontent of the day, M. de Cormenin had very soon rendered himself inimical to all the enemies of the people, and in this he gloried.

But, as we have already said, it was only as a pamphleteer that he was thus terrible. When he laid aside the pen he became the gentlest, nay, the most timid, of men.

BARBES ON HIS TRIAL IN 1839.

Barbès rose, and never was deeper conviction apparent on a nobler countenance. The calmness of the accused man, his lofty stature, his beaming eye, his proud, bold beauty, and manly eloquence, all bespoke the heroism of his nature. He expressed himself simply, and in few words, and moved a great part of the audience to tears. "I do not rise," he said, "to reply to your accusation; I am not disposed to reply to any of your questions. If others besides myself were not interested in the matter, I would not make a speech; I would appeal to your consciences, and you would own that you are not here judges come to sit in justice upon accused men; but you are politicians, who are come to decide the fate of your political enemies. The events of the 12th of May having given you a great number of prisoners, I have a duty to fulfil.

"I declare, then, that, at three o'clock on the 12th of May, all these citizens were ignorant of our intention of attacking your government. They had been called together by the committee, without knowing for what purpose. They thought they were only to attend a review; and it was not till they were actually on the ground, where we had taken care to place ammunition, and where we knew that we should find weapons, that I put arms into their hands, and gave the word of command to march. These citizens, then, were hurried away, and forced by a moral compulsion to obey that command. In my opinion they are innocent.

"I think that this declaration ought to have some weight with you; for, as for myself, I do not desire to profit by it. I declare that I was one of the leaders of the association; I declare that it was I who prepared the conflict, and brought together all the means of execution; I declare that I took part in it, and fought against your troops; but, if I assume to myself the full and entire responsibility of all the general facts, I must also decline all responsibility for certain acts, which I neither advised, nor ordered, nor approved; I mean acts of cruelty, which morality reprobates. Among them I class the killing of Lieutenant Drouineau, which the indictment specifies as having been committed by me with premeditation and subtlety.

"It is not for you I say this; you are not disposed to believe me, for you are my enemies. I say it, that my country may know the fact. This was an act of which I am neither guilty nor capable. Had I killed that officer, I would have done so in open fight, with equal weapons, as far as that may be, in a conflict in the streets, with an equal division of ground and sun. I committed no assassination; this is a calumny, which it is sought to fasten on a soldier of the people's cause. I did not kill Lieutenant Drouineau. This is all I have to say."

Truth has words and tones which none can resist; every one believed, in his conscience, what Barbès asserted. True to the declaration he had made, Barbès was resolved not to reply to any questions put to him by the president; nevertheless, he broke silence for a moment, when pressed by his questioner, and said, "When the Indian is vanquished, when the chance of war has thrown him into the power of his enemy, he thinks not of defending

himself, nor has recourse to idle words; he resigns himself to his fate, and yields up his head to the scalping-knife." Next day, M. Pasquier having observed that the prisoner had with reason compared himself to a savage, "The pitiless savage," retorted Barbès, "is not he who gives his head to the scalper, but he who scalps."

From the Examiner.

SLAVE-TRADE SUPPRESSION.

THERE is a sort of feverishly impatient people in this world, who, as soon as anything is seen to be amiss, are unappeasable till "something is done." Whether the "something" be to the purpose or not, is with them a secondary consideration. Their nervous irritability is appeased by action; and they can keep toiling on year after year with perfect contentment, although their labors be as restless and resultless as those of Sisyphus. This class of worthies have for a long tract of years contrived to get the direction of the English anti-slave-trade policy into their hands; and their exertions have been about equally efficient with those of workers on a tread-mill. Yet these our anti-slavery sages, whenever a proposal is made to inquire whether with all their fuss and exertion they are accomplishing anything, burst out into torrents of abuse against the sceptics who suggest that investigation is necessary. It is more difficult to withdraw them from their labor-in-vain than to draw a squirrel from its wheel.

Hysterical denunciations of negro slavery and the slave-trade have become so much a matter of habit, that an attempt to present a tangible image of their evils cannot but be of use. Slavery as it exists, or has existed in any nation, is indeed a bad institution, and indicative of a very imperfect civilization. But we must not upon this account close our eyes to the fact, that slavery as it exists in nations at that state of social development which prevails among our Mahommedan contemporaries, or even as it existed in the classical Greek and Roman times, is apparently a necessary transition stage between savage anarchy and the predominance of equal laws. A considerable gain was made for humanity when prisoners of war came to be used as slaves, instead of being put to death by tortures. And a considerable step was made in social organization when a capitalist and a laboring class permanently assumed their relative places side by side; even although their mutual relations were determined by a code so rude, so defective, and so liable to abuse as that of slavery.

But independently of the liability to abuse which slavery, as a "domestic institution," shares in common with despotic governments as political institutions, negro slavery as it prevails among communities of European origin has features of atrocity peculiar to itself. In the forms under which we have just been contemplating slavery, master and slave generally approach pretty nearly to each other in the features of their common humanity. In respect of civilization, there is no impassable gulf between them. Accident may

throw an individual belonging to either into the other class. Again, in this state of society, the relation between master and slave is purely domestic. Everything concurs to prevent the sense of a common humanity, characteristic both of master and slave, from being entirely obliterated. Natural feelings frequently gain the ascendancy over, still more frequently mitigate, the evil influences of the dangerous relation in which utter helplessness is bound to unlimited power. But in negro slavery the master class are so far elevated by civilization above the slave class, as to be in danger of forgetting that their bondsmen are fellow-beings. The marked diversity in color and feature between the master and the slave race increases the danger. Lastly, it is but comparatively a small number of the servile class, that, among communities of European lineage where negro slavery prevails, are brought into domestic contact with the masters. The mass of slaves are mere instruments engaged in manufacture. Even in our own country, so enlightened and free, we have seen what evils may be engendered under a factory system which divides the community into a few capitalists, and a horde of laborers on the verge of destitution. After all abatement has been made for the exaggerations of sentimentalists and demagogues, it must be admitted that, from the time when Hutton was entered an apprentice at the first Derby silk-mill down to within a very few years, the factory system, in an immense majority of instances, was deeply tainted with organized cruelty, and vulgar, gross debauchery. Negro slavery in European colonies within or near the tropics, and in independent states which have grown out of such colonies, is a factory system engrafted upon a system of slavery, in which all the worst characteristics of both are developed with a truly tropical and luxuriant rankness. The slave-trade with Africa is an adjunct to this monstrous social arrangement, tainting it with a still worse moral poison. It brings the intelligence, without the morality, of the civilized race, to increase the moral degradation of uncivilized Africa. It keeps constantly pouring in fresh hordes of savages, to keep at a low level the intelligence and morality of the slave caste in the communities founded by Europeans. The hardening, and, since the partial recognition of its illegal character, the gambling nature of the traffic, makes bad infinitely worse.

As to the desirableness of the abolition of such a system of slavery, and the over-sea traffic in slaves linked with it, there cannot among reflecting and moral men be two opinions. But when its suppression is agitated, the competency of the means employed to effect the end wished for ought not to be overlooked. The struggle against the African slave-trade and negro slavery commenced with and was for a time limited to the British empire. The first protest was registered against slavery as a *status*; but the first organized agitation was directed against that excrement, the slave-trade. The discussions raised in the course of this agitation so far matured public opinion, that the

attack was extended to the institution of slavery itself. At the commencement of the general peace which followed the overthrow of Napoleon, a vigorous effort was made by the opponents of the slave-trade to extend the sphere of their operations. In this country the slave-trade had been declared illegal, and the adherents of the abolition of slavery itself within the British dominions appeared to be on the eve of becoming a majority. Denunciations of slavery and the slave-trade by continental writers and philanthropists had preceded the exertions of the anti-slave advocates in England. Early in the French revolution practical measures for the abolition of slavery had been adopted by the French legislature, though they had subsequently been rescinded; and throughout the storms and conventions of the revolutionary wars, the "*amis des noirs*" had continued to gain strength with the public. Among the rulers of Europe, at the time of the congress of Vienna, there was a considerable disposition to adopt a humane and equitable, if not exactly a liberal, policy; and their professions of this disposition were most magnificent. Encouraged by this state of affairs, the leaders of the English abolitionists appealed to the leading powers at Vienna, and received most flattering and encouraging answers.

Since that time the suppression of the slave-trade has been regarded as an international question, and has passed into the hands of the diplomatists and their agents; naval or military armaments. Treaties—more or less workable—for the suppression of the slave-trade, have been entered into by various countries; and armaments to carry them into effect have been allowed to be stationed within certain latitudes, with wider or narrower powers of action, according to circumstances. To these armaments, special courts to decide upon the legality of prizes have been super-added. A large and costly staff of diplomatists, warriors, and lawyers, has been called into existence. And all this, ostensibly for the suppression of the slave-trade. That this agency labors a good deal need not be questioned; that it costs an enormous sum, not only to England but to other countries, is unluckily beyond a doubt. And of late serious misgivings have been diffused, and gained strength and acceptance with every succeeding year, to the effect that this preventive service directed against the African slave-trade has not only been ineffective as a means of suppressing or even of diminishing it, but has been in itself the source of new and previously unheard-of atrocities. The growth of these convictions out of doors has at last told within the walls of parliament, and the committee granted to Mr. Hutt has been the consequence.

From that committee, we frankly confess, we look for little new information. It will, at most, systematize the knowledge which already exists; put it into such shape as may serve for the groundwork of parliamentary action; and communicate, to what are now the allegations of isolated thinkers and observers, the sanction of a deliberate and legislative expression of opinion. Without adverting

at present to the revelations elicited by the committee of the house of commons on West Africa in 1842, and contained in numerous publications before and since, we may notice here that Lord Aberdeen, in the defence of the slave-trade preventive system which he volunteered in the house of lords on the very night when Mr. Hutt moved for his committee, established the inutility of the attempt to put down the slave-trade by armed force. He showed how, as soon as the trade was suppressed on the north-west coast of Africa, it started into intenser life on the south-east coast. Nothing short of a permanent coast blockage of all Africa, and of all the western American coast south of Florida, can, in the existing state of opinions and institutions, put down the African slave-trade by force. Where are the men and means to come from? Again, Mr. Jackson, in the house of commons, on the discussion which arose on Mr. Hutt's motion, proved, by reference to actual experiment, that the extension of legitimate commerce to Africa was alone sufficient to put an end to the voluntary participations in the slave-trade on the part of the Africans. Such a state of affairs being superinduced, the suppression of kidnapping on the African coast would be no difficult matter. But even the necessity for this might be evaded. In all countries where there are great quantities of negro slaves, the danger of large and frequent additions of newly-captured savage foreigners to their number is strongly felt. This feeling is at present predominant in Cuba, and is growing in Brazil. If attention is paid to the suggestions thrown out by Mr. Jackson, (a mere repetition, indeed, of proposals frequently made before by parties quite as familiar with Africa, but urged with remarkable ability, and striking practical effect,) respecting a large continuous immigration of free African laborers into our West Indian colonies, the fruits of such a system would soon work upon the Cuban and Brazilian alarmists, and lead them to follow our example in the matter of emancipation. After that, an over-sea slave-trade with Africa would be impossible.

In all our measures for restricting or extinguishing the African slave-trade, one great principle, hitherto too much neglected, ought to be steadily kept in view. Slavery is a defective social institution, with a demoralizing tendency. In all our efforts to eradicate institutions of this kind, with a view to diminish if not extirpate the immorality they occasion, public opinion must take the lead of penal laws. Penal laws will only be evaded, if a decided majority of the community is not sufficiently enlightened and disciplined to be prepared to act in their spirit, uninfluenced by their coercive sanction; and to aid in compelling the minority to obey them. Public opinion was thus in advance of legislation with reference to slavery and the slave-trade within the British dominions, and therefore their abolition here has been effectively accomplished. But legislation, sanctioned by penalties and enforced by arms, is in advance of the opinion of the majority in Europe, Africa, and America, with respect to

the general slave-trade; and has therefore proved not only ineffective, but positively mischievous. We must be contented to go back and begin at the beginning. We must make anti-slavery majorities in Africa, Cuba, and Brazil, before we think of international penal laws enforced by national navies. The means by which this work is to be accomplished have been already indicated. The transition from an interference unprecedented except by Don Quixote's liberation of the galley slaves and challenge of the showman's lion, to a national and practicable undertaking, now so imperatively called for, has the additional recommendation that it will diminish the number of our seamen exposed to the pestilential African station, reduce the number of causes of quarrel with independent states, and (what is at this moment of most pressing importance) materially lessen the annual national expenditure.

Lord Duncan on Thursday night estimated the cost of the squadron on the west coast of Africa at 300,000*l.* per annum. We believe this to be a very low estimate indeed; but it by no means represents the whole expense of our repressive system. The mixed commission courts cost from 20,000*l.* to 25,000*l.* a year; the establishments kept up on the coast of Western Africa, with a view to the suppression of the slave-trade, cost about 14,000*l.* a year; the six or seven vice-admiralty courts empowered to adjudicate in cases of slave capture, cost something more; and how much is added to our diplomatic expenditure by the negotiations and correspondence from which a selection is annually published in five bulky folios, no man can tell! By desisting from our useless and mischievous attempt to put down the slave-trade by naval armaments, a large saving will be effected. At the very least, the immediate withdrawal of the squadron from the west coast of Africa, a step recommended alike by common sense and humane sentiment, would cut off upwards of 300,000*l.* from our yearly expenditure. Here is a distinct and tangible economy, which may be effected at once with great benefit to many, and with injury to none.

SLAVE-TRADE.

THE Spectator, reporting parliamentary debates, says:—

Lord Palmerston thought that he had disproved the alleged aggravation of the horrors of the middle passage by reading some of the original accounts. There is no doubt that at the earliest times the horrors were sufficient to warrant the strongest phrases; the illustrations of the matter in Clarkson's book seemed to show that cruelty had been carried to the verge of human endurance. But although the powers of description could scarcely go further, the facts have done so. At that time the object was to get the slave across the Atlantic at a minimum of cost, stowage being one item in the expense; now, facility of eluding interception has become a still more important item—so important as to counterbalance the loss of two out of three, if not of five out of six slaves; and therefore the contraction of

stowage is carried *beyond* the bounds of human endurance. The smaller size of the vessels used would of itself establish the fact. The torture is of the same kind, but the screw of the rack is tighter. The broader fact remains unimpugned, that the slave-trade does continue. Public opinion on the subject of the squadron, as Lord Aberdeen admits, has undergone a change. Ministers appear to be divided on the question; Lord Palmerston, no doubt, is actuated as much by dislike to the trouble of unsettling treaties as by any other consideration. But it will be difficult to maintain the squadron in the teeth of doubts as to its efficacy, with no doubts as to its costliness; it will probably be swept away by the five per cent. income tax.

From the Britaonia.

THE FRENCH MONARCHY.

THE fall of the French throne has shaken every throne of the continent. It is already propagating its impulse through Europe; and, whether the monarchical principle shall recover, or new forms of government replace the old, a lesson of the most formidable kind has been given to all the authorities of the civilized world. The force of multitude has been long known, and France has given frequent proofs of its dangerous operation. But the fall of Louis Philippe has given this terrible experiment in a new form, and shown how small a portion of that force, when thrown into direct and rapid action, may extinguish all other power.

The number of insurgents in Paris who paralyzed an army of 60,000 men, and a national guard of 80,000, are now computed at little more than 20,000 men, wholly undisciplined, scarcely armed, and without any known leaders. The means of resistance to this rude insurgency exhibited the most completely organized system which skill, experience, and a reckless employment of the national resources has ever produced: fortresses, troops, actually an entrenched army, the greatest garrison of any city on record, the most active police, a legislature absolutely at the disposal of government, and, above all, the experience of a prince trained in revolution. There seemed to be in all this mighty mass of preparation the most unequalled security against all the perils of a throne. Yet all vanished, like a phantom at the coming of dawn, like the tide turning from the shore by an impulse of its own, like the movement of a cloud.

It is impossible to think of the fall of Louis Philippe without commiseration for the individual. The ruin has been so sudden, so total, and so fatal to all belonging to him, that it more resembles the wreck of some great vessel striking on a rock in the midst of sunshine, with all its sails full, and all its pennants flowing in the most favoring breeze, and instantly plunged into the deep, leaving nothing of all its strength, its batteries, and its gallant crew, but a few fragments, and a few exhausted and impoverished survivors struggling their way to the first shore.

In our columns of last week we gave our solu-

tion for the fall of the French throne, and we see no reason yet to doubt that it was a direct punishment for the horrid and guilty war by which France had devastated Algiers for so long a period. But minor causes are always joined in the great instances of Divine judgment on nations and the governors of nations; and there were causes of bitter and growing discontent in France. Still those causes might have been gradually diminished, the discontent might have died away, and the versatility of the national temperament might have been turned to less hazardous views. But the ravages of Africa were irreparable, the blood of the thousands who had been slaughtered by the French sword could never be revived, and no political amelioration in France could have atoned for the agonies of the tens of thousands from whom the war of seventeen wretched years had swept away everything that holds to man by a tie of nature, and had almost wholly destroyed even the humblest means of their existence.

Yet the political system of the French government offers also a most important warning. The charter had promised at least an advance to rational liberty. The king had sworn to it. Its forms were accordingly complied with, but its principle was defeated. The chamber of deputies, nominally the representatives of the people, were a machine, and the machine was wholly managed by corruption. A peerage without property, and chiefly living on public offices, must be, if possible, still more dependent on the minister; and thus the entire senate formed a startling caricature of a constitution. Even the cabinet were the creatures of the throne. Poor, except in the emoluments of office; powerless, except by the dependency of the legislature; dreading dismissal on the first dissent from the royal will; and wholly unconnected with the people either by services, property, or principle, they were as much bound to the caprices of the throne as the valet of the king was bound by his wages. Thus the charter was condensed into the royal will; the opinion of one man alone was free; the government of ministers was a government of mutes; the votes of the chambers were but echoes; and the sitter on the throne of a country which called itself free at once ruled, like the pope, by his infallibility, and, like the sultan, by his sword.

The elections of September, 1846, showed the working of the monstrous system thus organized throughout France. 286 ministerial candidates were returned, to 173 of the opposition! In eighteen of the eighty-six departments not a single opposition candidate was returned. And yet this was at a time when France was fully awakened to the nature of its government, and when the journals were filled with indignant appeals to the spirit of the country.

But the condition of the official influence shows in a still stronger light the hollowness of the system, and shows the inevitable action of the throne upon the independence of the nation. It is distinctly stated that, of the 240,000 electors of

France, 160,000 shared among themselves and their families no less than 628,000 offices, held at the pleasure of ministers, with emoluments amounting to twenty-two millions sterling a year! If thus corruption began at the fountain-head, can we hesitate to believe that it stained the whole stream of representation? or can we wonder at the disgust, disdain, and alienation of the people? Can we wonder that all parties shrank from hazarding themselves in the defence of the ministry; that men of honor scorned to embark in a struggle between rude force and polished deception; and that a republic has raised its ominous head in France amid acclamations?

The rational mind of England has certainly no passion for universal suffrage. It feels the dangers of that system which would put the care of property into the hands of men possessing none; the absurdity of subjecting the national councils to the ignorant; and of putting legislative power into the hands of men wholly uneducated for its exercise. Yet common sense must tell us that 240,000 electors, to engross the political rights of thirty-three millions of men, was a disproportion not merely inadequate, but insulting. The fault of our reform bill was, not that in giving us upwards of 900,000 electors it gave us too many for our twenty millions of population, but that it distributed them too partially, and gave the boroughs a dangerous preponderance in numbers over the counties, a preponderance augmented in a still higher ratio by the activity, the intrigue, and the partisanship which belong to towns. But, if the proportion even of 40,000 electors for every million were to be adopted in France, a million and a half of electors would scarcely fall short of the due number.

But this immense multiplication of public offices, while it had the double effect of draining the public purse, and silently enslaving a large proportion of the people, satisfied none. The salaries in general were miserable; and, though they were eagerly sought after, they condemned their holders at once to idleness and poverty. The thousands of young men in France who linger through life, on incomes which they cannot venture to throw up, yet which scarcely support life, are fit only to excite pity for the unfortunate officials. There are upwards of 80,000 places under £120 a year and above £60, and which are given chiefly among the provincial electors. The man who takes one of those miserable offices is inevitably ruined for life. Almost unoccupied, almost starving, his whole time is occupied in wretched contrivances to keep up an appearance; he dares do nothing, he can do nothing, but waste away his day, and at night find a contemptible resource in the billiard-table, or forget his morning miseries at some provincial ball. Every traveller from this country has remarked the squalid idleness of the generation who, as passport clerks and custom-house *employés*, haunt the ports and roadside towns—a thousand times happier if a spade had been put into their hands than a pen, or if they had been

sent to work their passage across the Atlantic, and take a manly chance for fortune in hewing down the forests or turning the soil of the Rocky Mountains.

But this system is old, though not pushed to its extreme under the old Bourbons, who had no chambers to manage. It suited the innate vice of the monarchy. To this possession of salaried idleness was due a large portion of that passion for "gloire," which, to manly minds, is but the passion of the highwayman, and means but the plunder of helpless property, and the slaughter of its possessors. To this were due the frightful series of wars which covered Europe with misery for many a long year, and exacted terrible retribution in the unburied corpses of France. And to this, if this wretched system shall be continued, France will owe other calamities, other frantic councils, and other desperate retributions, which may give a still more emphatic chapter in the history of aggression.

These details we have chiefly taken from the second edition of a volume entitled "France; her governmental, administrative, and social organization, exposed and considered." Its sources are found in public documents, and the whole statement is of peculiar interest at the present time.

For Louis Philippe and his family England feels all the compassion natural to the sight of fallen royalty. This country will give them a reception in the fullest sense of unostentatious good will. It is not in such catastrophies that the Englishman is inclined to think of former causes of irritation. Misfortune covers all, and extinguishes all; and the unanimous desire of the people evidently is to give a secure asylum, and pay every respect, to the king and all belonging to him.

From the London Times of March 4th.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we announce the safe arrival of the last and most illustrious instalment of the "royal fugitives" on these shores. For a whole week the ex-king of the French, after playing for eighteen years the most conspicuous part on the most conspicuous stage of European affairs, had totally disappeared from the scene. His place could nowhere be found; and, shocking as all would have felt it, it was at least as probable a conjecture as any other, that his majesty had perished in the channel. The express steamer brought them yesterday morning to New-haven, where they had to wait for some hours till the state of the tide should enable them to enter the harbor. At last they landed, and were glad to receive a very hearty welcome to the well-known shore. For the rest we must refer to the particulars which we have been enabled to supply, and to which the rank, the misfortunes, and, it must be added, the errors of the distinguished sufferer, will impart so peculiar an interest.

It may be safely said, there is nothing in history, nothing, at least, in the examples which most readily occur to the mind, that at all comes near

the tremendous suddenness of the present royal reverse. This day fortnight Louis Philippe was the most prosperous, the most powerful, and accounted the ablest sovereign in the world. If the reader will just think of it, he will find that this wonderful man had attained the very acme of success, consideration, and power. It is a work of time to enumerate the many circumstances of his splendid condition. His numerous, handsome, and dutiful children; the brilliant alliances—one of them recently concluded—which brought into one family interest the vast region from Antwerp to Cadiz; the near prospect of an event which would probably make his grandchild the sovereign, his son the regent of Spain; the great cross and drawback of his reign just removed—Algeria pacified after eighteen years' war; his immense private fortune; his eleven or twelve palaces, unequalled for situation and magnificence, on all of which he had recently spent immense sums of money; his splendid army of four hundred thousand men, in the highest discipline and equipment; a minister of unequalled energy and genius, who had found out at last the secret of France; a metropolis fortified and armed to the teeth against all the world; the favorable advances recently made by those powers who had previously looked down on the royal *parvenu*; the well-balanced state of his foreign relations, and the firmly-grasped reins of the political car;—all these gifts of fortune, and more, if we had time to go on with the list, were heaped on one man, in such profusion as really to pall the imagination. What crowned it all was, that Louis Philippe was allowed the entire credit of his success. It was all the work of his own hands. He might stand like the ancient king on the walls and towers which he had drawn round his city, and contemplate the perfect work of beauty and policy which himself had made. The balance of Europe, the causes of peoples and kings, the issues of peace and of war, were in his hands. If there was an *omiri aliquid* in this garden of roses and delights, twenty impregnable forts and a hundred thousand armed men were no insignificant watch upon a few disorderly subjects. Solon himself would hardly have ventured to preach upon his envious text, *ante obitum nemo*, to so safe a man.

What we have described was a sober and solid reality. What we now come to, reads like the preposterous incidents of a nursery tale. A mob of artisans, boys, and some women, pours through the streets of Paris. They make for the palace. Eighty thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, are dumbfounded and stultified. In a few minutes an elderly couple are seen bustling away from the hubbub; they are thrust into a hack cab, and driven out of the way. The mob rushes into the senate and proclaims a republican government, which exists, which is ruling the nation with great energy and judgment, and is already communicating with the representatives of foreign powers. But, let us follow the princes. We say it without intending any disrespect, and only as relating the simple truth of the affair. No family of Irish tramps was ever so summarily bundled out of the

way as this illustrious group. The queen, we are told, had run back to a bureau for some silver, but it seems it was not enough, as a hat was sent round for the royal couple at St. Cloud, and a small sum clubbed by the national guard. At Dreux they were left with a five franc piece between them. Flying "when none pursueth," they get to Louis Philippe's once celebrated chateau at Eu, which they are afraid to enter. So there they disappear into space. They were to be at Eu, and for a week—that is all that we knew of them. Meanwhile the rest had dropped in one by one. They come like foreign birds, dashed by a storm against a lighthouse. The Duke de Nemours and certain Saxe Coburgs come one day, knowing nothing of the rest. They parted in the crowd. A Spanish Infanta, for whose hand all the world was competing only the year before last, scrambled out another way, through by-roads and back doors; and—strange event—is likely to give Spain an English-born sovereign, under Victoria's kindly auspices. No sooner, however, have the fugitives found a friendly asylum than they are obliged to seek another roof. Other princes and princesses turn up here and there. A lady-in-waiting rejoins her mistress. A cabinet minister is found. The children and governess of another arrive. The *rencontres* and *réunions* are strange enough. A prince of the blood and an ex-prefect meet in disguise, and do not know one another. Very late a youthful heir to the crown of France, and who had been actually acknowledged as reigning king by the deputies, is discovered at a channel island with his mother and brother. The two children had been almost lost in the mob on leaving the chamber, had been got somehow to Eu, with their mother, wearied and bearing muddy marks of rough travel. Thence by heavy bribing they had procured a passage to the first British rock. Thus are they driven and scattered by the besom of revolution. They arrive penniless, without a change of raiment, dejected and bewildered, telling one another their stories of many strange adventures, having each come a different journey, though starting from one point and almost at one hour.

After many days' suspense, the king and queen are heard of, on some private information, on the coast of Normandy, where they had been "on the run" from house to house, and content with humble hospitality; the king, we are told, in strange disguises. They have still a small retinue. These half-dozen invaders, without either arms or baggage, do not find it so easy to cross the channel. Stationing themselves at Honfleur, within twenty miles' sail of Havre, they watch opportunity and the weather, which last delays their passage several days. At length they get into a British steamer. Arrived at Newhaven, after a rough passage, they encounter fresh delays, as if to prove that England is not so easily surprised. Louis Philippe, who was to bridge the British Helle-spont, crosses it with foreign aid, and lands in a pea-jacket borrowed from the English captain. He finds himself at home. The associations and the friends of his former exile greet him. A

generation passes like a dream, and the aged monarch finds himself the Duke of Orleans, the banished son of old Egalite again. Would that all could be forgotten! But, if what is said be true, some recollections did occur of an accusing character. The frequent exclamation, "Like Charles X.," we are told, betrayed the current of his thoughts. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother;—therefore is this distress come upon us." At the very moment the missing king appears at one port, his lost minister is heard of at another. Guizot is now in London. His day for active life is over; he is again the philosopher and historian; and, doubtless, like the Roman orator, will forthwith occupy his political retirement with studies far more suited to his genius, and more conducive to his reputation, than the government of states.

England's path is clear. She is the refuge of exiles, and opens her shores to the unfortunate of every land or party. She would at once preclude herself from offering this hospitality, and leave Europe without a refuge, if she involved herself in the ruined causes and pretensions of her royal visitors. She can only receive them as exiles, not as pretenders. It may be with some violence to feeling, but it is nevertheless necessary to let it be clearly understood by those differences within the range of courtly etiquette, that while the persons of the unfortunate are pitied and respected, and their former rank remembered, they still possess no higher character than what their own nation chooses to allow.

From the Spectator, of March 11th.

If France is menaced with internal disorder, it is the cause of commotion in every surrounding country. M. Lamartine's eloquent but not unambiguous circular to the diplomatic agents of France, has raised doubts of hostility that it was meant to prevent: "qui s'excuse, s'accuse." All neighboring Europe is shaken. Germany rings with the rising voices of her peoples, and the jangle of preparing arms. The ex-king of the French, anxious for the sufferance of his brother monarchs, had waived the old claim to the Rhenish provinces; but he is gone, and the kings who occupy that region in portions remember with alarm that the Franks have not forgotten their aboriginal Salic lands. But living nationality is stronger than traditional ancestry, and from Holland to Bavaria the people of the provinces on the left bank of the river proclaim their determination not to be absorbed by France. This Anti-Gallican spirit appears to be really national. On the other hand, the people, animated by the example of the French, turn round upon their rulers, and declare that if they resist the invader, they must be paid in the concession of more popular institutions. Nassau hurries concessions; Baden resounds with popular demands; so do Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, Bavaria, Wurtemberg; the outlying province which Prussia so strangely shared with the Swiss Confederation, Neuchâtel, has proclaimed itself an independent republic; and the Rhenish provinces of the same kingdom, before known for their sturdy

demands, are not likely to lower their tone. This movement towards free institutions is of a strictly popular kind, and counter to the sectional interest of royalty. The defensive armament of the kings appears to be directed not only against foreign invasion, but also against internal disorder; and according to reports, some kind of "swopping" is to take place—Prussia to lend Bavaria troops, Bavaria to help Austria, Austria to keep down Italy and forth.

Austria, implicated in the intricate conflict of interests in the Germanic States, occupies a position quite peculiar, from being also tangled with the fermenting politics of Italy; and she meets with other antagonists. Her Italian provinces are in the most alarming condition: it is reported that even Austrian officers in the army have been "fraternizing" with officers in the Italian regiments; and at Milan, under martial law, the son of the viceroy archduke has been placed under arrest—he is related by marriage to the King of Sardinia. Touching the relations with France, King Charles Albert is said to have declared that he would do whatever England did; which would imply a very close adhesion to English policy, and a corresponding closeness of sympathy and alliance. King Ferdinand is again bombarding his faithful subjects in Sicily, and scandalizing Lord John Russell's father-in-law, who had too charitably answered for the good faith of a Neapolitan Bourbon.

In Spain, the never-settled government of Narvaez is taking extraordinary powers to keep down revolutionary movements.

Northward again, Belgium continues to be technically "tranquil;" but, while the Anti-Gallican spirit of independence will make her aid any policy which would prevent France from inclosing her, as it would do by the assumption of the Rhenish boundary, the liberal movement stimulates the activity of government in making conciliatory advances.

In all these countries, every government has some combination of dangers, internal and external, to deal with; revolt and invasion are dreaded by every section of Europe. Austria is pursued by the demands of its several states like a debtor by his creditors. Prussia can hardly put up with the summary independence of Neufchatel, cannot abandon Austria, will not leave the Rhine undefended, dares not oppose a feeble front towards her too close ally Russia, and, without all these demands on her attention, would have quite enough to do in negotiating peaceful reforms at home. Bavaria is distracted by a like multiplicity of claims—while Lola Montez is still running in the poor king's head. So it is all round.

England is likely to have many complimentary invitations and petitions for her patronage. But she has done enough. No more subsidies to support legitimacy. Opinions have altered here since Waterloo: England will abstain from war; and if she did interfere, it would not again be on the side of the so-called holy alliance. That state must be very manifestly and purely in the right, and in very hard straits, that can overcome the aversion to war which now possesses the English

people and restrains the English government. Short of that case, it will be enough for her to defend her own peaceful rights, and to lend the moral support of her approval to the nations who are helping themselves.

From the Journal of Commerce.

ENGLAND, NOW AND FORMERLY.

BLACKWOOD'S Magazine for January contains a very elaborate and well-written article under the title of "Thirty years of liberal legislation." This magazine has always been a leading tory and protectionist journal, condemning all that was free and easy, and attributing all good to protective legislation, though coupled strongly (as the same opinions are in this country) with favor towards unlimited issues of paper money. The writer has collected a great quantity of statistics, some of which are worthy of deep consideration. He says that, during the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, which Mr. Pitt authorized in 1797, and which continued until 1819, "the empire continued to rise," until, in the last years of the war, "it bore, without difficulty, an annual expenditure of from £110,000,000 to £120,000,000." In 1819 the bank was required to pay its obligations in gold; and "the result has been that the nation, which, with a population of 18,000,000 souls, raised without difficulty £71,000,000 annually by taxes, and from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 annually by loans in 1813, '14 and '15, of which, at least, half was sent abroad and wholly lost to the nation, is now, with a population of 28,000,000, not able to raise, in round numbers, £51,000,000, on an average of years, by taxation, and is brought to the verge of ruin by the purchase of £33,000,000 worth of foreign grain in 1846 and 1847, and the expenditure of £35,000,000 in 1846 and £25,000,000 in the first six months of 1847, on domestic railways." Our protectionists will hardly endorse so strange "a result" as this. They will hardly believe that the mere liberty of issuing irredeemable paper money by a national bank, could raise a nation so high, nor the withdrawal of that liberty sink it so low. Yet this is the style of reasoning which belongs to the school. The most wonderful results are attributed to the smallest causes, and often to causes which had nothing to do with the results. Mr. Biddle, in the last years of his greatness, might have made some of us believe that the suspension of specie payments was the chief end of man. But the doctrine is now only maintained in Edinburgh. According to a table in another part of the article, the actual amount of England's expenditure in the last years of that mighty conflict, which she sustained at the very zenith of her greatness, stands thus. It is amazing, truly.

	Population.	Raised by taxes.	Total debt contracted.	Total pay'ts. into excheq.
1813.	17,750,000	£63,748,363	107,597,660	173,316,023
1814.	17,900,000	71,134,504	92,934,267	164,068,770
1815.	18,150,000	72,210,512	97,932,501	170,143,016

The truth of the mighty contrast, it seems to us, is very obvious, both from the facts which we know,

and the principles which are established by all experience. An individual, a family, a nation, can expend its surplus profits, but, for a series of years, nothing more, except by the sale of its estates. England, at the time when she subsidized the armies of Europe, earned money immeasurably by her industry. Her manufactures and commerce and colonies were sources of boundless wealth, at least of the wealth which England expended in that mighty struggle. They made the money: and squandered it all, for glory. Of those days, we have been told, that the father of Sir Robert Peel, who was a calico printer, said that he made a £ on each piece of calico that he printed. Now, his successors in printing do it for a price which leaves not one penny profit; and the calicoes—cloth, printing and all—don't fetch half a £. It was from the immense profits which old Mr. Peel realized on printing, that he was able to loan the government such immense sums, that, in return, the government not only paid him interest, but made him a baronet into the bargain. These facts account for the immense change in England's condition. Here are reasons of a more important and more portentous character than specie payments. It raises the question of non-payment altogether. If a family by its industry makes a net profit upon its business of \$100, it can pay \$50 in taxes and lend \$50 to government, and count itself richer by the amount of the government bond. If six millions of families (composing a community of eighteen millions of souls) clear each upon an average, \$100, then the nation will have an aggregate surplus of six hundred millions of dollars, or one hundred and twenty millions of pounds, to be disposed of, and it will be possible to pay it all to the government in the shape of taxes and loans, and the amount which each man should receive in government securities, he would regard as so much gain. Yet there would be no real gain; for the nation would in the aggregate be in debt to the whole amount of the stock; and this indebtedness divided, as it must in effect be, upon the families again, each one would owe as much as he had lent. The sad truth of the whole matter would be, that all the money was spent, gone forever. The profits of the nation would not have increased its wealth one single penny. But England, in those halcyon days, made much larger profits than we have supposed; for besides the vast sums paid to the government, she built houses, mills, and did many other things at home, and more than that, lent great sums to other governments, chiefly those whose mismanagement has reduced them so low that they are unable to pay either principal or interest. At the beginning of this century, England was the great manufacturing nation, and the mistress of the ocean. America had not begun to manufacture anything by power, up to the war of 1812. That war changed the current of our industry. Thirty years of peace has changed the avocations of the world. Germany has superseded England in the manufacture of woollens, France in the manufacture of silks, and the United States, so far as they have gone, in the manufacture of cotton, and the sailing of ships.

The pressure of industrial competition is harder for England to endure than all her wars. We know, from some of their largest and best cotton mills and printing mills, that they are not making a penny. They do not even pay interest on the large capitals invested;—they pay nothing. If you have six millions of families, each one of which earns a scanty living only—or if this is the result of the general industry, then you have nothing left. It is in vain that you augment the number of the people to twenty-eight millions, or nearly eight millions of families. No matter what your multiplier may be, if the multiplicand be 0, the product is 0, and eight millions of 0s are worth just as much as one 0. This is a simple and perfectly comprehensible statement, and discloses we fear the true condition of glorious England. There is money made in old England yet. But the amounts are small compared with the profits of 1812. Her expenditures, in the mean time, continue upon an enormous scale. Besides the £51,000,000 which the government demands in taxes, what vast sums are expended in the support of a magnificent hierarchy of fat bishops, and fat priests, who have an enormous kingdom of this world, where their Master had not where to lay his head. One fourth of the population of Ireland are reported paupers, and in England and Scotland the case is not so much better as we wish it was. The land is forbidden to the use of industry, and held for the sport or the arrogance of indolent lords.

It needs no prophet's vision to see that this state of things cannot long endure. The industry of the empire, after the severest economy among the laboring classes, does not, or will not, continue to yield a sufficient surplus to sustain the present rate of taxation; and the pressure of competition is becoming more and more severe. The colonies which once were great consumers of home manufactures, and in various ways sources of large profits, are now only sources of bankruptcy to the individual owners, and burthens to the government.

Under these accumulated difficulties, England's only hope is in freedom. She must set her aristocracy and hierarchy about some useful business. The people must be relieved from their intolerable burthens, and allowed to use the land in the most profitable way. The queen of the seas must reduce her expenses to her income.

She had a day of greater pecuniary prosperity than any other nation ever enjoyed. She made profits, which arithmetic could hardly calculate, and expended the whole for glory. She has been engaged in war until she has the power to fight no longer. She exhausted her richest treasures in overthrowing the efforts of Frenchmen to be free, and then in overthrowing the gigantic monarchy which her assaults brought into existence. She is covered with glory, but getting poor. The day is coming when the glory of war will sink in its value, and her people would gladly sell it for half the money which it cost. We hope our own country, now in its strength and prosperousness, will not follow in her proud steps, and part with freedom and plenty, for bloodshed and glory.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE VILLA MARAVIGLIOSA.

A PAINTER'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

My friend Oliver, on his departure for Italy in the summer of 18—, had faithfully promised to keep up a regular correspondence with me. A year had, however, elapsed without bringing any tidings of the fugitive, when one morning I received a note. It was from my friend, briefly announcing his return, and begging that I would come and spend that evening with him, *tête-à-tête*, in his studio. It was there that after supper he related to me the following narrative of his eventful Italian tour. I leave him to speak:—

It is customary, began Oliver, for the Spanish poets to add to the titles of their dramatic productions the epithet of famous—the famous comedy; a mere piece of supererogation, however, for no one is beguiled into a perusal of them any more on that account. The Italians are Spaniards in all that regards the monuments of their country. The most insignificant fragment of stone, if you are to believe the dicta of the natives, has been witness of some diabolical crime. For a couple of sovereigns they would sell you both crime and stone. I could not take a single step in Genoa, where I landed, without, according to my *cicerone*, trampling upon some traditionary remembrance. In the first place, the street in which my hotel was situated was a celebrated one in the city; secondly, the hotel in which I lodged was a celebrated house in the street; in my sleeping-room there was a celebrated window; and, to crown all, a celebrated hook in the wall, upon which some patriarchal senator had either hung up his toga or been hung up himself, I never could exactly make out which. They picked my pocket of my gold repeater before the very gates of the Doria palace—the palace of the great, the celebrated Doria, the most virtuous man of his time.

In the streets of Genoa I encountered several of those wandering spirits of European literature to whom the physicians of taste recommend tours in Italy, in order that they may by this means be enabled in some measure to recruit their exhausted imaginations. To watch the antics of these "hot-pressed heroes," one would imagine they designed to carry off all the monuments of the country in their portmanteaus; they devour palaces, cathedrals, triumphal arches; they dine upon Carara marble, and quench their thirst with the breezes of Ionia. They would have led one by their proceedings to suppose that we have no such thing as fresh air in England. As these gentlemen travel, not for the sake of any enjoyment derived from the act itself, but merely for the sake of having travelled, they, as it were, fill bladders with blue air, they carefully fold sunbeams in their pocket-handkerchiefs, they stow away echoes of the murmuring waves in their portmanteaus and carpet-bags, and upon their return to England they pour out upon the public these rays, this blue air, these waves, these murmuring echoes, in all their amplifications; and under the titles of "Tour," or "Journey," or "Summer Sketches," or "Winter Rambles," they make their poor, deluded countrymen swallow a sort of weak, frothy mixture, little intoxicating, it is true, but vapid and tasteless to the last degree.

Upon landing at Genoa I caught the fever of the

country, a disease one owes to the blue air and murmuring wave. After my health was in some measure reestablished, my first care was, as you may imagine, to seek an introduction into the picture-galleries of this European celebrity, which has gardens upon the roofs of its houses because it cannot have them upon level ground.

The possessor of the first gallery I desired to make acquaintance with, had just wedded his daughter to some grandee of the place; admittance was refused me. They were repairing the staircase of the second gallery, and I was requested to wait a few months, after which time it would be ready for my inspection. The owner of the third gallery, not being on friendly terms with the travelling English, accorded not to them the favor of its inspection. Three powerful motives of exclusion which might be expected, and which have existed ever since there have been such things as picture-galleries in Italy: the marriage of a daughter of the house, the repair of a staircase, and the prejudice against a class.

I departed, then, from Genoa for Florence, having as yet admired but the blue air, and having heard but the murmuring wave. Well, I arrived safely at Florence. The Count de Frontifero, to whom I bore letters of introduction, was not so proud as are the generality of Italian signors. He boasted not a descent from Hercules, like the Este family, nor yet from Mars, like many other Florentine houses; he merely traced a descent, as he with much candor assured me, from Æneas; a name of which, through a yet more laudable modesty, he assumed but the initial. He signed his name Æ. Frontifero. Although he held not from the succession of Æneas his beautiful Villa Maravigliosa, situated at some leagues' distance from Florence upon the Arno, it is no less true that this superb property had belonged from time immemorial (but not before Æneas, however) to the Frontifero family, who prided itself upon having given three popes to the church, six gonfalonieri to the city of Florence, and an incomparable amateur to the fine arts—this incomparable amateur being none other than the Count Æneas di Frontifero himself.

He resided all the year round at his Villa Maravigliosa, renowned for its gardens, its woods, and its waters; but above all for its splendid and matchless gallery of pictures.

This single word, "villa," arouses, in the memories of those who have gazed in admiration on the colossal views of Piranesi, certain gigantic structures compared with which Buckingham Palace or the Exchange appear but as children's toys; but when one makes acquaintance with the Villa Pamphili—now the Villa Doria—the Villa Corsini, and the Villa Ferroni, only through the designs of this artist, one can scarcely imagine that these apparently princely residences are severally composed but of a very common-place sort of dwelling-house, of a garden with a considerable quantity of stagnant water, because water costs nothing at Rome, and of a crowd of little tombs, for the simple reason that in digging the Roman soil, it is easier to find tombs than to avoid doing so.

But I was then, continued Oliver, under the *coup de soleil* of enthusiasm. In my besotted blindness I denominated the most disguised of trees, an Italian pine; a huge, mis-shapen mass of marble was dignified by me with the title of palace; I knelt in fervid admiration before the first village girl whom I chanced to meet on the road, and adored her as a madonna; in short, I played in Italy the part per-

formed by Don Quixote in Spain. Will not Italy, some day or other, have also its Cervantes.

"I trust so, with all my heart," said I. My friend continued:—

The reception I met with from the Count *Æneas* di Frontifero charmed me; and even at his present moment, I am ready to avow that this villa fully justified the title of marvellous which it bore, although Piranesi had never honored it with his exaggerating crayon.

At my very first visit the count showed a noble anxiety to throw open for me the doors of his gallery, the pictures of which were shrouded in a sort of dim, uncertain, yet voluptuous obscurity. Curtains of a very pale green hue diffused over the room a uniform shadowy tint, imparting to the attentive soul that mystical religious feeling one experiences while wandering through the aisles of an ancient cathedral. Under the influence of this "dim mysterious light," and the sensations it called forth in the spectator's mind, the severe works of the Roman school no longer displeased through their insufficiency of color, while those of the Venetian school seemed thus to acquire fresh beauties, no longer dazzling the eye at the expense of the judgment, by their too vivid brilliancy.

"In short, Oliver, you were enchanted at the result of your first visit to the Count di Frontifero!"

And the more so, because, as he informed me later, I had enjoyed, by special favor, the liberty of strolling alone through its gallery, and of being left to examine it in its most minute details, unshackled with the officious cares of a *cicerone*. My eulogiums, however, amply repaid him for his complaisance; I actually exhausted upon him my vocabulary of terms of admiration:—"Beautiful! most beautiful! lovely! delicious! sublime! heavenly! transporting!" cried I. At length, I could praise no more; in a sort of wild delirium of admiration, I stamped upon the floor—I was in convulsions! Carried away by a blamable excess of enthusiasm, I was on the point of springing on the count's shoulders. His great age, and the name of *Æneas*, alone restrained me. Universal custom, however, was upon my side; foreigners never praised in other terms, save those I myself employed; he was content. In order to be absolutely ravished, I should have wished to see the pictures under, if not a better, at least a stronger light; but I moderated this desire, anticipating a second visit, and happy in having thus procured such a fruitful source of pleasure for the duration of my stay in Florence.

"Prepare," said the Count di Frontifero to me, as we reached the last painting in the gallery; "prepare to contemplate the most precious work of my collection, that one which, I can assure you, I display not to all eyes."

"A Tintoretto?" I suggested.

"Better than that!"

"A Raphael?" cried I.

"Better than that, my good sir!"

"Better than Raphael?"

"My daughter!—see!"

So saying, the count drew aside a curtain, and I beheld a young girl occupied in making a copy of Titian's *Venus*.

"She is named *Venus*, as well as her model," said the count.

The young girl rose from her seat.

"She is worthy of the name," cried I.

The Signora *Venus* blushed, and begged that I would give her my opinion on the copy she was making.

"And so you fell in love, my poor Oliver, I'll engage!"

Madly in love. "O Italy!" thought I, "land of the sun, of art, and of beauty! Nature created beauty for Italy, and deformity for other countries!" What Sabine locks had the Signora di Frontifero! What a Tuscan eye! What a Volscian neck! What holy, saint-like hands! What a Campagnian skin! What grace in the *tournure*! "Odious," murmured I, while lost in admiration of the fair girl, "a hundred times odious the recollection of English women, and, above all, of London women?" My dear fellow, there is not a single Londoner whose form would bear the test of sculpture—who has any *style*. They are pretty women, that's all. And who is not a pretty woman, in these days of false ringlets and marvellous cosmetics! To complete her conquest, the Signora *Venus* spoke English as well as Italian.

"She was a prodigy!" exclaimed I.

She was an angel!

We proceeded, afterwards, to breakfast together, under an odoriferous bower, in one of the most delicious gardens in the world. English trees are mere *canaille*, compared to these princes of vegetation. What poetry is there in the flowers of Italy! Our roses and jessamines actually infect the air with a disagreeable odor, when compared to these flowers. Oh, Florence, happily named of cities, the City of Flowers! I speak not now of thy fruits. Much in the same frame of mind as the Prince Carraccioli, who considered a Neapolitan moon to be warmer than a London sun, so did I find a piece of Florentine lemon-peel far superior in flavor to an English pine, or bunch of hot-house grapes. In a word, filled with admiration, enthusiasm, and love, at the close of this first and delicious interview, I took leave of the Count di Frontifero, and his charming daughter, the Signora *Venus*. Both accompanied me to the gate of the villa *Maravigliosa*, making me promise to come and see them again at an early opportunity.

As I was making my parting bow, the Count di Frontifero said to me—"The tie of art is that of friendship. Permit me to give you one word of advice, however intrusive it may appear. Florence is a ruinous place for foreigners; where is the necessity of your ruining yourself? Pardon me, once more, for drawing your attention to these commonplace affairs of life; but life, for all that, must be supported. Now, I know of an excellent hotel, at once elegant and commodious, situated only a few paces from this gate. You will there be well fed, admirably lodged, and at a reasonable rate. I would insist upon your taking up your quarters there, independently of the great desire I have of possessing you for a neighbor."

"Oh, count!" I replied, "I shall only be too happy in lodging so near your palace; it is I, on the contrary, who ought to feel deeply grateful at seeing a man of your birth, your rank, your fortune, your talents, lowering himself so far as to seek a lodging for so humble an individual as myself. I shall proceed at once to the hotel you have named."

"The sign is *Brutus sacrificing his Son*."

"Beautiful country!" exclaimed I, in the fulness of my heart, as I took leave of the noble Count *Æneas*, "even the very signs of Italy are pictorial moralities!"

I forgot to tell you one thing, added Oliver, before terminating this first portion of his narrative; the Count di Frontifero wore a red velvet coat.

And I, dear reader, had forgotten to tell you one thing of far greater importance, as the sequel will show. Oliver possessed a fortune of two thousand a year, and painted from taste, and not necessity.

CHAPTER II.

I put up, as I have already said, at the hostelry of *Brutus sacrificing his Son*. It was not, I am compelled to own, one of the best houses in Italy; but then, I could perceive from my windows the towers of the Villa Maravigliosa, a circumstance which, in my eyes, amply compensated for any little inconveniences of lodging and attendance. After this, nothing was easier for me than to fancy that Domenichino had occupied my bed-room, and that I drank from the water-pot of Paul Veronese. My landlord was not a man likely to destroy my chimera with his kitchen-knife. Quite the reverse; for when, one day, I happened to say to him, "Signor Policastro, might it not have been at your house that Bramante, finding himself unable to settle the amount due for a plate of French beans, for which one of your ancestors charged rather too high a figure, drew upon the wall a representation of this identical plate of beans, acquitting himself of the debt in this picturesque fashion?"

"Might it be here, do you say? Why, where should it be, if it were not here?"

"Pray show me," continued I, anxiously, "this recollection of a great man!"

Hereupon, the Signor Policastro muttered some unintelligible words, throwing all the blame upon the French, the universal spoilers of Italy. Beyond a doubt, the French had carried off both painting and wall in a baggage wagon.

Besides his love for the arts, my landlord possessed a very pretty talent for cookery. My dear friend, nothing in my eyes equals Italians. I smiled with disdain whenever my thoughts reverted to English, or even French cookery, destitute alike of poetry and cheese!—cookery of a declining age, fit only to produce portrait and still-life painters, and a host of similar diseases. But true historical cookery is to be found in thy land, O matchless Italy! Cheese everywhere; cheese in the vegetables, cheese in the viands, cheese in the fruits, cooked cheese in cheese!

"Not a link is wanting in the chain of our national glory," cried Signor Policastro, one day, as he placed before me six dishes, each containing cheese.

"Not a link, my Policastro," assented I, "unless it be the art of mingling cheese with coffee."

I leave, for a while, the Signor Policastro, to return to his noble neighbors, the Count Æneas di Frontifero and his graceful daughter. My visits to the Villa Maravigliosa became more frequent. At the end of two months, I was like one of the family. My passion for the fair Signora Venus augmented in the same proportion as did my enthusiasm for her father's gallery, the cookery of my landlord Policastro, and my delight in the blue air and golden sunbeams of matchless Italy!

Truth, however, obliges me to confess, that the count, under various pretences, had, by degrees, interdicted me the entrance of his gallery.

Unlike the old saying, the course of my true love glided along as smoothly as can well be imagined; ours was quite a lyrical love affair. I would address myself to her in a canzone of Petrarch's; she would reply to me in a sonnet. As you may easily imagine, I did not, after this, declare my flame in a

drawing-room, seated upon a prosaic cane-bottomed chair, between a chimney-piece and a bell-rope. No, nothing so common-place, I can assure you; we made love, warm, ardent, Italian love, mingled with flowers and poison, in the gardens of the Villa Maravigliosa, full of ruins, cypress-trees, and ancient tombs. Upon the fortunate day on which I whispered an avowal which made her as red as a laurel rose, she was surrounded with funeral stones. Beneath her feet I read:—

"DIIS MANIBUS."

Her hand lay upon this inscription:—

"ÆLIAE ROMANAE
CONIVGI DULCISSIMAE."

And when I impressed my lips upon her brow—the antique method of securing a gentle reply—I read above her head:—

"SUB ASCIA DEDICAVIT."

Let not thy modesty, O my friend, take the alarm; soon were to be celebrated my nuptials with the Signora Venus di Frontifero.

"And so you have married her?" I hastily interrupted, "and the gallery is yours, and the beautiful Villa Maravigliosa?"

Patience, patience, my friend; but, before we proceed any further, let's have another *brew* of gin and water—true artistic nectar.

The *brew* completed, Oliver filled his glass, and drank; after which he proceeded to charge an enormous German pipe, the companion of many an artistic pilgrimage, and after lighting, he continued to smoke for some time in silence, gazing into the fire with an abstracted air.

Do you know, said he, at length breaking silence, what I was thinking of just then?

I, of course, replied in the negative.

I was thinking of the analogy which exists between love and drinking. The first sip from a glass of hot gin-and-water, is like the first kiss of love, pure and unalloyed enjoyment; and though we may afterwards take deep draughts from either fountain, that first kiss is never equalled! There's philosophy for you, old fellow! But I see you are impatient for the continuation of my tale.

As you may imagine, or, at least, as you ought to imagine, I was rather anxious to learn what sort of a reputation my future father-in-law possessed in the country, previous to joining my lot to that of his daughter. The villa is a town, and each house of this town, hotel, shop, workroom, depends upon the villa. I leave you to judge whether or not the tenants spoke well of the Count di Frontifero, their proprietor. But the occurrence of an unlooked for event furnished me with the means of more directly appreciating the character and manners of my father-in-law that was to be.

One evening when alone in my room, I was engaged in sketching from a bust after the antique; I heard a slight noise, apparently proceeding from one side of the apartment. It had just struck twelve. The dogs of the neighborhood had ceased barking, and the serenaders had also ceased to mingle their "wood notes wild" to those of their canine companions; a universal calm reigned throughout the house and offices. Guided by the sound which apparently proceeded from two persons in close conversation, I crept softly to the wall, and through a crevice in the lath-and-plaster partition I perceived my landlord, Signor Policastro, lighting in the Count

di Frontifero, who entered the room and seated himself in a large arm-chair. Policastro placed the lamp on a table, and seated himself likewise; he then opened a volume, which, by its form, and the grease spots by which it was stained, I recognized as the day-book. The count took a pen, and after having gone through its pages with a gravity which alarmed his companion, prepared to write.

"Let's see, Messire Policastro, you say—

Dinner for an English family.

	Francia.
Two polastri,	30
A roast fowl,	50
A bricoli stracinato,	10
Fegato à la Milanaise,	12
Pasta Frolla,	8
Total,	110

"Only a hundred and ten francs! why, your sum totals diminish every day, like the pyramids of Egypt. You impoverish yourself, Signor Policastro. You lower yourself in the eyes of the world. The English will no longer come to us, they will prefer going to France to economize. A hundred and ten francs! You are aware, I presume, that people don't get chickens out of spiders' eggs?"

"But, signor count, the Englishmen complained of the bill being very heavy as it is."

"Let them remain at home, then, the thieves! They will soon leave us not a single Caracalla upon its feet, nor a single tomb; they carry all off with them to London; ere long it will be Italy going to see London, instead of London coming to Italy. But let us return to the *foie à la Milanaise*. Once for all, and *per Baccho*, will you double your prices? yes or no?"

"But they say that I actually plunder unfortunate travellers."

"Plunder them! how can that be when they are shown villas like mine! beautiful fountains, superb pictures, for dishes of *bricoli stracinati* at ten francs! Since I see that you lack courage to follow up your profession, Policastro, I shall now fix for your guidance the invariable price of each dish; if you derogate but one iota from this arrangement, I shall most certainly dismiss you."

And the count inscribed upon the board on which were engraven the names of the various dishes supplied at the hotel of "*Brutus sacrificing his Son*," the price which was in future to be demanded for each.

"But, signor," cried the honest Policastro at each line, "no one will order any more fried fish or boiled vegetables if you mark them so high: respect at least the ragouts of cheese—you will absolutely denaturalize them by your exorbitant charges. You will exile the *tagliarini*, you will utterly blight the lopes of the *ravioli*. Ah! signor count, mercy for the maccaroni! Do not profane it. For the last five hundred years that has been the fixed price. The ancients themselves never dreamed of interfering with the maccaroni. It is a sacred price. Your grandsires founded it. Your ancestor *Æneas*—"

The pitiless Count di Frontifero, supporting his left hand on the hilt of his sword as if to sustain his good cause, traced with his right hand upon the *carte* the new and onerous tariff of the maccaroni, after which act of severity he rose majestically from his seat. Policastro seized hold of the skirts of his red velvet coat.

"I will now tell you my mind fully," he cried,

"no consideration shall from henceforth restrain me. Your conduct is odious! Misfortune to the house of *Æneas*! Its downfall is nigh at hand!"

"Silence, Policastro, or I shall have you replaced."

"You dare not do it, count."

"What prevents me?"

"Your own interest."

"Bah!"

"Do you wish me then to make known to the world the real character of your gallery?"

"Policastro, *mio caro*!"

"Must I tell about your daughter?"

"Policastro, Policastro, my worthy associate! Come, come, do not be angry; I will abate something in the price of the maccaroni, and let peace reign undisturbed between us."

With one dash of his pen Frontifero modified his former severe tariff respecting the maccaroni, and the landlord and count shook hands like two sovereigns, happy, after a stormy congress, in being able to terminate the interview by a still closer alliance.

"Oliver, your count was a madman."

Not so mad as you think for, as you will discover by and by. I was almost mad, if you will, after being witness of a scene in which my future father-in-law, the descendant of *Æneas*, had appeared to me in the character of an innkeeper, and in which there had been dropped such mysterious innuendoes respecting the Villa Maravigliosa, its picture gallery, and the beautiful Venus, she who was to bring me as her wedding portion this matchless gallery of arts. Could there, I whispered to myself, be any stain upon her reputation? "*Must I tell about your daughter*!" This threat, uttered by the landlord Policastro, tingled painfully in my ears. Was the fair Venus frail! perish the thought!

When peace was concluded between the count and the innkeeper, the former leisurely divested himself of his red velvet coat and hung it up to a nail in the wall, placed his hat on the chimney-piece, unbuckled and laid aside his sword, and tucked up his shirt sleeves to the elbows.

"Whenever you please," said he to Policastro, "I am ready."

Policastro rang the bell, and immediately afterwards ran out upon the landing place, where I heard a sort of shuffling noise. He shortly afterwards returned, and after having double-locked the door, emptied out upon the long table a quantity of fish, vegetables, fowls, and fruits; he then opened a cupboard, from which he took a variety of copper vessels and stewpans of every conceivable shape and fashion.

"Why, Oliver," interrupted I, "these people were sorcerers."

"They were cooks!"

Armed with a huge carving knife, the count in a trice dismembered fowls, sliced up vegetables, and hashed all together, whilst my landlord busied himself in lighting a fire on the hearth, and began to season with various spices the comestibles which his illustrious companion from time to time cast into the stewpans.

Imagine, if you can, my stupefaction at the sight of a descendant of *Æneas* thus transformed into an under cook, and the nature of my reflections on seeing the poetical possessor of the poetical Villa Maravigliosa engaged in the prosaic occupation of scraping carrots. Up to two o'clock in the morning he continued thus engaged in drawing pullets and slicing vegetables, without permitting the

lightest tinge of shame to appear on his cheek. When he perceived that all was going on to his satisfaction, and when he judged that his ministry was accomplished, he washed his hands, drew down his shirt sleeves, resumed his red velvet coat, buckled his sword to his side, and with his hat placed jauntily on one ear he waited until Policastro should light him down stairs. Nothing can be compared in rapidity to the sudden change which took place in the landlord's deportment. A moment previously the count's equal, he now became again before the red velvet coat the obsequious vassal, the respectful tenant, the subservient lackey. With his white cotton nightcap in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, and his body bent almost double beneath the weight of his respect, he led the way down stairs, assuring the count at every step of his eternal fidelity.

CHAPTER III.

As you may imagine, I deferred not beyond a second interview with the Signora Venus di Frontifero, the occasion of enlightening my mind with respect to the mysterious words which had reached me through the partition. The difficulty lay in properly and delicately leading the conversation to the wished-for subject. It is probable I should never have attained my end had it not been for a chance stroll I took one morning with my intended through the Villa Maravigliosa.

We had paused before a fragment of antiquity, which served as a text to the harangue I commenced in something like the following terms;—"Sovereigns," said I, "have occasionally been subject to weaknesses scarcely credible: for instance, Vitellius used to wash out his own pots and pans; Trajan was accustomed to bottle his own wine; Constantine to cut out sandals; Louis XIII. of France preserved sweetmeats; Louis XIV. used to wash and comb his lapdogs; Louis XV. prepared his own coffee. I can, however, easily conceive these little weaknesses," added I hastily, fearing lest my erudition did not sufficiently veil the blow I struck; "they lighten by their very triviality the cares and occupations of royalty; a bow must not be always kept on the stretch, otherwise it snaps, or at least loses its elasticity, as was very justly observed by Socrates, who was accustomed to amuse himself by dancing, and in all probability was a proficient in the art. Your noble father is a great admirer of Socrates, although he neither dances, cleanses his pots and pans, combs his lapdogs, nor makes his own coffee."

"He has however his eccentricities," replied the Signora Venus with a deep blush.

"He makes verses perhaps? it is a noble recreation for a man endowed with his lively imagination."

"Not exactly."

"He occupies himself perhaps with alchemy?"

"I do not think it can be exactly considered so high a pursuit as that."

"I understand. He stops short at chemistry."

"In its more useful applications," replied Venus.

"The uses to which chemistry can be applied are so various that it would be a difficult matter to hit upon the precise one which the noble count, your father, honors with his study and research. The manufacture of eau de Cologne, seidlitz powders, and lucifer matches, as well as the more humble pursuits of the kitchen, may all be considered as branches of the science."

"It is perhaps to this last named branch that my father more particularly devotes himself."

"There is nothing humiliating in this," I hastened to add; "the errors of great men are sacred: besides, this has its originality. So your father is a count by day——"

"And a cook by night," added the simple-minded Venus, completing my phrase. "I owe you this avowal, since we shall soon have no secrets between us; but never speak to my father of these singularities. He would blush for our ancestors and for himself."

I had at length discovered the solution of one of my three enigmas. My future father-in-law was cook from taste; and after all there is no accounting for taste. The celebrated Lalande devoured spiders;—the count, less peculiar in his appetites, merely desired that others should eat his macaroni; but that did not prevent the first from being a great astronomer, nor was this taste for cookery any reason why the second should not be of high birth, the possessor of an immense fortune, and the owner of the Villa Maravigliosa and its picture gallery—two treasures which would fall to my lot on my acquiring a third treasure, his daughter, the charming Venus di Frontifero.

But what meant the second enigma, or rather the second threat uttered by Policastro;—"Do you wish me then to make known to the world the real character of your gallery?"

"Tell me, charming Venus," said I, once more advancing to the attack, "why your noble father, who has overwhelmed me with marks of esteem and kindness, has granted me only three times admission into his beautiful gallery, of whose treasures I have shown myself so ardent an admirer?"

"You shall learn the reason. My father last year undertook a journey to France and England for the sole end of inspecting the various collections of pictures with which these two countries are adorned: what was his astonishment and anger on finding every door closed against him, the amateurs having apparently come to some mutual agreement to cause him this disappointment.

"By dint of a series of diligent inquiries, he discovered that a countryman of yours, an Englishman, irritated against him, had been the sole originator of this conspiracy. This Englishman, whom for various reasons my father had not thought proper to admit into his gallery, had in this manner taken his revenge. As a man of spirit my father resented this outrage; but as an Italian he knew how to conceal his resentment at the bottom of his heart. On his return to Florence he gave orders that from henceforth his gallery should no longer be opened to any foreigner, how high soever his rank might be. It required all the esteem with which you had inspired him, joined to our mutual affection, to persuade him to violate in your favor an oath sealed by vengeance. You can now conceive how, reconciling his hatred of foreign amateurs with his friendship for you, he at last granted and afterwards withheld from you, the permission of admiring his pictures."

"Here's another illumination," thought I to myself. "But," I added, aloud, "when we shall be married, I trust that the interdiction will be raised. For, once his son-in-law, the pictures will become my property."

"Beyond a doubt. And if I could trust in your discretion, I would offer to introduce you into the gallery by a secret door, on the condition that you

would content yourself with the amount of daylight you would find there, without attempting to augment the light by drawing aside the curtains; for were my father to surprise you, you would not have time to restore things to their proper places."

Never had lover, on hearing a long-sighed-for avowal—never had engineer, on seeing burst forth, at ten feet depth, the water of an Artesian well, for which he had expected to bore through three hundred feet of solid rock, experienced a joy equal to mine. Women in general feel more happiness at the joy they cause, than that which they themselves experience. Venus shared my happiness, and, wishing to redouble it, she placed in my hand the key of the secret portal. My fair intended had scarcely reentered the house, ere I was in the gallery of the Villa Maravigliosa, on my knees in enthusiastic admiration of three or four hundred pictures, the *chefs d'œuvre* of the greatest masters of the universe—Italians, Spaniards, Flemings, Germans, English, French. I lived, as it were, in the times of these rare geniuses; in imagination I entered their severe and antique *ateliers*; I quitted that of Giotto to salute Perugino behind his portico; Raphael smiled on me from his carved window; leaning against his copper wall, Michael Angelo, that sombre master, displayed to me his demons and condemned souls, whilst the more rugged Albert Durer drew for me his lovely German virgins on the oaken shutter of his window.

"You are horribly metaphorical to-night, Oliver," interrupted I. "You mean to say, that, in your ecstasy, you passed from paintings upon copper to drawings upon wood."

Precisely so; but I had not finished my sentence. "Finish it, then."

Whilst I was in the full enjoyment of these ineffable delights, the door at the further end of the gallery opened, and I saw enter the Count Æneas di Frontifero, accompanied by the innkeeper, Policastro. I had but just time to conceal myself behind a colossal statue of Pollio. Unfortunately, unlike a true Roman, Pollio had no toga; at that moment, I sincerely anathematized the nude.

Although the count and Policastro had paused at some distance from me, I could not avoid overhearing their conversation. Carried along by the vaulted ceiling of the gallery, the echoes wafted to my ears every word they uttered—words which I have retained with scrupulous fidelity, too deeply interested then to lose a single syllable.

"There remain but two more," said the innkeeper, "and they are not the best, saving the respect I owe you."

"Alas! your remark, my excellent Policastro, is but too true. My ancestors—"

"Your ancestors were spendthrifts. Had they nothing better to do than to squander away in festivals, galas, suppers, so many lovely virgins so rich in color, and so many holy personages so faultless in design? It is almost anthropophagy."

"Policastro, our rank has its exigencies. We nobles cannot vegetate like daily laborers. Respect the memory of my great ancestors; let us draw the curtain of charity over their faults."

"And above all, over the pictures they have left you, although the day approaches when the curtain will be no longer able to conceal their fatal substitutions. If I can pardon your ancestor for having expended the entire right side of your gallery, because he was a prince, and was obliged to figure at the court of the emperor; if he counterfeited six

Martyrs, two 'Transfigurations,' eight 'Loves

of the Gods,' nine 'Abductions,' four 'Cloistral Scenes,' and seventeen 'Views in Venice,' in order to possess carriages, horses, French cooks, and English coachmen, I have no pity for your father, who, like an inveterate gambler as he was, stripped the entire left side of your gallery. And for what purpose? Why, to stake upon the hazard of a *win*, or the turning of a card, these thirty-nine 'Portraits of Popes,' these twenty-eight holy 'Abbesses,' besides a host of other pictures, of various subjects."

"But if," thought I to myself, "these portraits of popes and abbesses are all here in *propria persona*, as well as the pictures on the right hand side of the gallery, of which I have got ocular demonstration, I cannot conceive how my father-in-law's father could have lost them at play, any more than how his ancestor could have despoiled his collection in order to possess carriages and cooks."

"But yet," continued Policastro, "if all the copies they have made of the pictures they sold were really good ones, signor count, (but in good truth they are deplorable imitations, destitute alike of taste or skill,) I repeat to you, that the shadow of these curtains has no longer power to conceal such hideous counterfeits."

"Policastro, enthusiasm is a marvellous colorist; in order to convince you, I have only to instance that rich young Englishman who will soon become my son-in-law. He took this for a genuine Caravaggio."

"Good young man!" exclaimed the innkeeper.

"That for a Giordano!"

"Noble and disinterested soul!"

"That for a Julio Romano."

"His mother must be a happy woman."

"That for a Michael Angelo."

"He is a saint!"

"And that, my Policastro, for a Raphael."

"A very Daniel come to judgment!"

And the count and innkeeper began to laugh together in so ironical a manner, that, in my rage, I fancied I could hear all those execrable copies before whom I had knelt in fervent admiration, joining in the infernal chorus. Heaven pardon me! but I could almost swear that the infamous Roman behind whom I lay concealed laughed as well as the rest. Pollio was in all probability himself a copy.

"And if he only knew," resumed the innkeeper, "that this picture, which he believes to be a Raphael, the worthy young man! was by you and me! For, you know, I drew it, and you painted it; the original has been in other hands these ten years back, if I do not mistake."

"Policastro, you flatter yourself. You scarcely put a hand to this work."

"What! you seek to ravish from me my glory! This is not generous on your part, signor. Do I not avow the share you take in the confection of my ragouts! You are my associate in the kitchen, permit me to be yours in the domain of art."

"The amount of talent displayed in the two copies which you have just completed from the Domenichino and the Carlo Dolce will decide the degree of esteem which I may accord you."

"It will be indeed high time, count, to esteem me, when we have no more copies to make. What shall we copy next? there is nothing more left for us here."

"I know what I am saying. I am shortly, as you are aware, about to marry my daughter to this young Englishman, and it is absolutely necessary that the illusion should last until then. If I could no longer refuse him the *entrée* of my gallery, and

he were through your clumsiness to perceive the universal error which reigns throughout, I should lose a son-in-law, and the two thousand a year which he brings into the family."

"But, my dear lord, of what daughter are you speaking! of the Signora Venus! Why, she is not your daughter."

"Not altogether: she is my niece, the daughter of my younger brother, who died in England."

"You are going to make this Englishman marry a copy."

Here was a revelation! Venus was not his daughter! I was upon the point of upsetting Pollio, and crushing myself and them under the ruins.

"But, signor count, why have you concealed from him the fact that she is not your daughter?"

"Because he is mad after everything Italian, and esteems nothing that is not Italian. Italian painters, Italian women, Italian villas!"

"But is not the Signora Venus an Italian?"

"She was born, my dear Policastro, I have told you a hundred times, near London, at Tooting in Surrey."

Oh Pollio, Pollio! a collection of daubs taken for an incomparable gallery, and I myself upon the point of marrying a denizen of Tooting Common, believing I was wedding an Italian! And the Etruscan figure, and the Volscian feet, and the Sabine neck! Once again did the count and the rascally cheese poisoner laugh together in so indecent a manner that I became even paler than Pollio. For an instant I imagined that I was but a copy myself.

Some moments afterwards I heard a noise; I cautiously put forward my head, and beheld the count and his acolyte, the one mounted on a ladder, the other steadying it with his foot, engaged in consummating the last sacrifice of which the Villa Maravigliosa could become the victim. A beautiful Domenichino and a divine Carlo Dolce were unhooked, and in their places were suspended the two copies manufactured by Policastro.

"Not bad, Policastro, not bad," exclaimed the count approvingly, "you have done well. I salute you the first copyist of Europe."

When the two pictures, however, were lowered, the count could not behold them without regret in the hands of Policastro, who was doubtless about to bear them away to the happy purchaser. He took them, placed them each on a chair, and gazed upon them for a length of time with deep affection. From the huge pockets of his old red velvet coat he drew forth a handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The count was moved even to tears.

"Policastro," he exclaimed in a voice of deep emotion, "they are my two sons, my loveliest, my last. What harmonious coloring! what drawing! what draperies! Even were they less beautiful than they are, how could one abandon them without pain!"

"Signor count"—sobs stifled the voice of Policastro, who kissed the hand of his lord—"Signor count, Providence will not leave you always thus. You must hope for better days."

"Hope is not even permitted to the aged, Policastro; but my past troubles were light in comparison with this. Adieu, Domenichino, adieu, Carlo Dolce, whom my ancestors have beheld with rapture, and who have rejoiced the eyes of my father, you that have been my pride in the eyes of strangers, and the props of my declining years! Adieu, my children, adieu!"

And the count applied his lips, now to one picture, now to another, kissing them with all the ar-

dor of an Italian. One single thought cast a jealous shade over the sensibility of the innkeeper. His artistical self-love—if a copyist can be styled an artist—was singularly wounded by this burst of admiration and grief of the count's for the two pictures, which he imagined he had at least equalled in point of merit by his copies. As for me, my grief was considerably assuaged by the reflection that, if the count had no longer any pictures left to sell, there still remained his villa, which was worth a good round sum of money.

"Which you hoped to obtain by wedding the count's daughter?" interrupted I.

Precisely so, (replied Oliver.) But to continue.

"Courage, signor," said Policastro in a cheering tone of voice; "show yourself more high-minded than your ancestors. If they had possessed your character, they would have left you more original pictures, and fewer copies. And yet, if their copies were only equal to mine! But why lament so much! is not your niece upon the point of marrying this young English painter?"

"The marriage is not yet completed, Policastro, and you know there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip. I have enemies; and supposing one of them was to reveal to this Englishman that the superb Villa Maravigliosa can never pass to a foreigner; that our laws oblige me to transmit it to one of my name, and consequently to one of my nephews; can you suppose that this foreigner, feeling himself duped by both me and my niece, would not break off the match, and instantly quit Florence and Italy?"

"It is, alas! but too true, count; a villa, were it the Villa Borghese, were it the Villa Doria, cannot be sold, since our laws sanction not the act, but on the contrary expressly forbid it; and for the best reason in the world, villas cannot pass into the hands of foreigners; they are the patrimony of the country. Thus those who, like you, count, possess such an appendage, are obliged to deprive themselves of almost the common necessities of life, dying of hunger in the midst of birds, flowers, waters, marbles, and superb galleries, unless, following your example, they set up hotels at their palace gates."

These singular revelations completed, I might now, in all conscience, have appeared before the eyes of the count, and said to his face: "The farce is played out; throw open your doors and let me depart;" but when I put forth my head again after a few moments' silence, I found that the count and the innkeeper had retired, carrying with them the two pictures.

Once at liberty, I felt ashamed at finding myself in this infamous gallery, of which I had been the silly dupe. My fanatical belief, surprised in its credulity, and now at length restored to its senses, swelled with rage in the presence of these false gods at whose shrines it had prostituted its worship. A revolution had taken place within me, and I think you must allow that there were ample reasons for this outbreak.

To have venerated counts who kept taverns and made their own ragouts! to have been enthusiastic in my admiration of galleries of copies! to have loved a Tooting Italian! If I withdrew my plighted troth from the Signora Venus di Frontifero, it was not because she was no longer either an heiress or a count's daughter, it was simply because she had been leagued with her uncle to render me ridiculous.

I quitted the villa, but previous to my bidding adieu to Tuscany and Italy, I ascended to the dome

of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence, and from this dizzy height let fall a hearty burst of laughter as my parting malediction upon this land of perpetual mystifications.

Here Oliver broke off in his narrative, and took a deep draught of gin-and-water, as if to wash down the bile which was rising into his gorge.

After a few moments' silence I said :

"And so, Oliver, your travels are over, eh?"

"Forever."

"You will continue to paint landscapes?"

"Ay, that will I, many landscapes, washerwomen and cabbages; and may I become a member of never-mind-what society of artists, if I ever again lose sight of the white cliffs of Albion."

Oliver has kept his word; and, to judge from his performances, promises to become ere long one of our most popular landscape painters.

Over the door of his painting room are inscribed these words: "VISITORS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK OF ITALY."

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.—Stowe, the famous historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study, and seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste; for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labors of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, yet his good humor did not desert him; for being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he made so much of." Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself, "as a recompense for his labor and travel of forty-five years in setting forth the chronicles of England, and eight years taken up in the survey of the cities of London and Westminster, towards his relief, now in his old age, having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stowe's labors, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England; to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpits; they produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth; one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stowe, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for a twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!—*Hogg's Weekly Instructor*.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.—From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-

will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy—from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America has been given, "Our country, right or wrong!" which is in itself a proclamation of maleficence; and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, "That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern." An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, "Myself, right or wrong!" Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham*.

MAXIMS ON MONEY.—The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE NORMAN GRAVE OPENED IN 1846.

THERE are some events of so suggestive a character, that a whole world of thickly crowding thoughts and solemn imaginings rise, in all the richness of epic poetry, at the mere mention of these significant facts. Most minds feel at certain periods this deep romance and eloquent power of association. Simple are the facts which at such moments surround the meditating spirit with a magic circle of bright creations, or the reminiscences of days long passed away. The sound of village bells, stealing with mysterious echoes through the forest leaves in the deep stillness of an autumn evening, will suffice thus to illumine with a poetic splendor the half-forgotten epochs of our past history, bringing out in bright relief that scene, and this passage in our life. Sometimes the event operates in the same way on our ideas of ancient times, shedding a subdued light, a kind of moonlight brightness, over the quiet graves of olden nations, and clothing in their former life the beings who lived a thousand years ago. To descend into the vaults where in the strange silence rests a line of kings, will call up such thoughts; the damp mouldiness of the crimson velvet, and the tarnished crown, then become suggestors of that past state of society in which those entombed beings, now voiceless and sceptreless, moved and ruled. Nor are our hearts stirred less when, sitting on the moss-covered and fallen column of some abbey of the middle ages, we gaze on the graves where the noble sleep, with the wild flowers clustering on their graves, of which no lettered monument now speaks. The stone coffin of yon Norman lady is before us. Yundreda, the daughter of kings, a descendant of the far-famed Roland, lies beside a railway excavation; and rough men take those bones in their hands, antiquarians examine, and crowds of novelty-hunting visitors pay for a view of that stone house of the dead. What a contrast is there! on one side our life, with its ceaseless tides and far sounding hum of work, its science, and its railways. There in the remoteness we see the Norman life, in castles and abbeys, with its intense and fervid workings; so distinct from our own. Wide is the gulf between those times and the present, for so little do we remember of the past, that the very relationship of Yundreda to the Conqueror is now disputed, some contending that she was not his daughter, but a descendant of Matilda by her first husband. But into all this perplexing discussion, and array of authorities, it is not our intention to lead the reader, who would feel little gratification in being thus indoctrinated into the writings of old Norman chroniclers and monkish annalists. What is the popular opinion of Yundreda? That she was a daughter of William I. by Matilda, and that this child of the Conqueror was subsequently married to William de Warrenne, who became the ancestor of the powerful Earls of Surrey. Thus in the popular traditions, Yundreda was not only known as the daughter of a king, but the mother of a line of nobles. To these particulars, the histories add that she founded the priory of Lewes, in which she was buried.

Some interest has been excited by the unexpected discovery of her coffin, by a few railway excavators, on the site of the ancient abbey, which belonged to the Cluniac monks, being the first house of that order in England. Strange changes have come over that old Saxon town since the day when the daughter of Matilda was laid with solemn rites be-

neath the dust of the old pile. Fierce storms have swept over the land since that procession passed through the silent ranks of the Cluniac nuns; thrones and earthly dominions have been borne down since then, and amidst the far spread din the very name of Yundreda was forgotten, and her resting place itself lay hidden beneath the silent ruins of her abbey. Geologists have scrutinized the famed Lewes level, and found in it the bed of an ancient estuary, from which memorials of the patriarchal earth have been drawn, and forced to speak of things before the flood. But during the flight of ages no one thought of the hidden tomb of Yundreda, and it was at last but an accident, the striking of a workman's spade against the coffin, which opened the grave in 1846. Then the busy and sight-loving tourists rushed to view the strange remains, and crowds from Charing-Cross and Piccadilly paid their shillings to gaze upon the long-buried bones.

There may appear to some persons little worthy of notice in the discovery of such remains of other ages; but if the geologist beholds with delight the small fragment of bone which tells of extinct races, and hints a few scarcely distinguishable thoughts on the state of the ancient earth, then surely the memorials of a past human life are not undeserving our regard. If the Swiss exile hears in the Ranz-des-Vaches the sounds of his earliest years, and sees again his mountain home on the sides of the hoary Alps; so the historian beholds in a sepulchral stone traces of the mysterious drama which was acted on the earth a thousand years ago. Hence we may learn the value of such simple events as that which has produced these lines, and feel how much of imaginative grandeur surrounds the dry investigations of the antiquarian. Mouldering stones, half obliterated letters, and deserted burial grounds, are rich with the poetry which requires not the garb of verse, but speaks with Miltonic power in the quiet depths of thoughtful hearts. Whilst standing by that coffin we see the old ages of this land rise from their tombs, and slowly pass before us in magnificent procession, till the eye is dazzled by the solemn splendors of the long and shadowy array of kings, princes, and barons. Perhaps in a moment we lose the bright visions—recalled to the present by the roar of a railway engine rushing along the road which carries its impetuous life into the once quiet recesses of Lewes Abbey. But we shall by such a view have surrounded our spirits with the bright things of poetry, and be furnished with an antidote to much that would otherwise deaden our sensibilities, and perhaps degrade our taste to the level of mere vulgar excitement.

We have thus taken the opportunity presented by a quiet hour to concentrate the various reflections suggested by the discovery of Yundreda's sepulchral home; and if we have persuaded the contemplative reader to cross the Rubicon which separates the region of common life from the bright world of true romance, we conclude by wishing him all the rich and poetic delights connected with an imaginative journey to the homes and times of our forefathers. The coffin of Yundreda is closed; men are forgetting the discovery, and the *Archæological Journal* no longer discusses her marriage or parentage. We too must leave the subject; trusting, however, not to lose the thoughts suggested by standing so near the dead princess of the early Norman times.

of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence, and from this dizzy height let fall a hearty burst of laughter as my parting malediction upon this land of perpetual mystifications.

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"You will continue to paint landscapes?"

"Ay, that will I, many landscapes, washerwomen and cabbages; and may I become a member of never-mind-what society of artists, if I ever again lose sight of the white cliffs of Albion."

Oliver has kept his word; and, to judge from his performances, promises to become ere long one of our most popular landscape painters.

Over the door of his painting room are inscribed these words: "VISITORS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK OF ITALY."

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.—Stowe, the famous historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study, and seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste; for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labors of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, yet his good humor did not desert him; for being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he made so much of." Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself, "as a recompense for his labor and travel of forty-five years in setting forth the chronicles of England, and eight years taken up in the survey of the cities of London and Westminster, towards his relief, now in his old age, having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stowe's labors, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England; to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpits; they produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelve-month; one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stowe, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for a twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!—*Hogg's Weekly Instructor*.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.—From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-

will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy—from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America has been given, "Our country, right or wrong!" which is in itself a proclamation of maleficence; and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, "That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern." An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, "Myself, right or wrong!" Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham*.

MAXIMS ON MONEY.—The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE NORMAN GRAVE OPENED IN 1846.

THERE are some events of so suggestive a character, that a whole world of thickly crowding thoughts and solemn imaginings rise, in all the richness of epic poetry, at the mere mention of these significant facts. Most minds feel at certain periods this deep romance and eloquent power of association. Simple are the facts which at such moments surround the meditating spirit with a magic circle of bright creations, or the reminiscences of days long passed away. The sound of village bells, stealing with mysterious echoes through the forest leaves in the deep stillness of an autumn evening, will suffice thus to illumine with a poetic splendor the half-forgotten epochs of our past history, bringing out in bright relief that scene, and this passage in our life. Sometimes the event operates in the same way on our ideas of ancient times, shedding a subdued light, a kind of moonlight brightness, over the quiet graves of olden nations, and clothing in their former life the beings who lived a thousand years ago. To descend into the vaults where in the strange silence rests a line of kings, will call up such thoughts; the damp mouldiness of the crimson velvet, and the tarnished crown, then become suggestors of that past state of society in which those entombed beings, now voiceless and sceptreless, moved and ruled. Nor are our hearts stirred less when, sitting on the moss-covered and fallen column of some abbey of the middle ages, we gaze on the graves where the noble sleep, with the wild flowers clustering on their graves, of which no lettered monument now speaks. The stone coffin of yon Norman lady is before us. Yundreda, the daughter of kings, a descendant of the far-famed Roland, lies beside a railway excavation; and rough men take those bones in their hands, antiquarians examine, and crowds of novelty-hunting visitors pay for a view of that stone house of the dead. What a contrast is there! on one side *our* life, with its ceaseless tides and far sounding hum of work, its science, and its railways. There in the remoteness we see the Norman life, in castles and abbeys, with its intense and fervid workings; so distinct from our own. Wide is the gulf between those times and the present, for so little do we remember of the past, that the very relationship of Yundreda to the Conqueror is now disputed, some contending that she was not his daughter, but a descendant of Matilda by her first husband. But into all this perplexing discussion, and array of authorities, it is not our intention to lead the reader, who would feel little gratification in being thus indoctrinated into the writings of old Norman chroniclers and monkish annalists. What is the popular opinion of Yundreda? That she was a daughter of William I. by Matilda, and that this child of the Conqueror was subsequently married to William de Warrenne, who became the ancestor of the powerful Earls of Surrey. Thus in the popular traditions, Yundreda was not only known as the daughter of a king, but the mother of a line of nobles. To these particulars, the histories add that she founded the priory of Lewes, in which she was buried.

Some interest has been excited by the unexpected discovery of her coffin, by a few railway excavators, on the site of the ancient abbey, which belonged to the Cluniac monks, being the first house of that order in England. Strange changes have come over that old Saxon town since the day when the daughter of Matilda was laid with solemn rites be-

neath the dust of the old pile. Fierce storms have swept over the land since that procession passed through the silent ranks of the Cluniac nuns; thrones and earthly dominions have been borne down since then, and amidst the far spread din the very name of Yundreda was forgotten, and her resting place itself lay hidden beneath the silent ruins of her abbey. Geologists have scrutinized the famed Lewes level, and found in it the bed of an ancient estuary, from which memorials of the patriarchal earth have been drawn, and forced to speak of things before the flood. But during the flight of ages no one thought of the hidden tomb of Yundreda, and it was at last but an accident, the striking of a workman's spade against the coffin, which opened the grave in 1846. Then the busy and sight-loving tourists rushed to view the strange remains, and crowds from Charing-Cross and Piccadilly paid their shillings to gaze upon the long-buried bones.

There may appear to some persons little worthy of notice in the discovery of such remains of other ages; but if the geologist beholds with delight the small fragment of bone which tells of extinct races, and hints a few scarcely distinguishable thoughts on the state of the ancient earth, then surely the memorials of a past human life are not undeserving our regard. If the Swiss exile hears in the Ranz-des-Vaches the sounds of his earliest years, and sees again his mountain home on the sides of the hoary Alps; so the historian beholds in a sepulchral stone traces of the mysterious drama which was acted on the earth a thousand years ago. Hence we may learn the value of such simple events as that which has produced these lines, and feel how much of imaginative grandeur surrounds the dry investigations of the antiquarian. Mouldering stones, half obliterated letters, and deserted burial grounds, are rich with the poetry which requires not the garb of verse, but speaks with Miltonic power in the quiet depths of thoughtful hearts. Whilst standing by that coffin we see the old ages of this land rise from their tombs, and slowly pass before us in magnificent procession, till the eye is dazzled by the solemn splendors of the long and shadowy array of kings, princes, and barons. Perhaps in a moment we lose the bright visions—recalled to the present by the roar of a railway engine rushing along the road which carries its impetuous life into the once quiet recesses of Lewes Abbey. But we shall by such a view have surrounded our spirits with the bright things of poetry, and be furnished with an antidote to much that would otherwise deaden our sensibilities, and perhaps degrade our taste to the level of mere vulgar excitement.

We have thus taken the opportunity presented by a quiet hour to concentrate the various reflections suggested by the discovery of Yundreda's sepulchral home; and if we have persuaded the contemplative reader to cross the Rubicon which separates the region of common life from the bright world of true romance, we conclude by wishing him all the rich and poetic delights connected with an imaginative journey to the homes and times of our forefathers. The coffin of Yundreda is closed; men are forgetting the discovery, and the Archaeological Journal no longer discusses her marriage or parentage. We too must leave the subject; trusting, however, not to lose the thoughts suggested by standing so near the dead princess of the early Norman times.

A Summer in Scotland, by JACOB ABBOTT, with engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS is one of the most entertaining books we have read for some time; the style in which it is written is such as will make it interesting to all who take it up. The preface gives the character of the work better, perhaps, than we could in language of our own. "Having spent a month or two," says the author, "during the last summer in rambling among the Highlands of Scotland, I have written the following account of my adventures for the amusement of my pupils, and of such other readers as may honor these pages with a perusal. The narrative is strictly a personal one. The work does not pretend to give a geographical, historical, or statistical account of Scotland, but only a simple narrative of the adventures of a traveller rambling in a romantic country in search of recreation and enjoyment alone. In writing the account, I have attempted nothing more than to re-produce for the reader a picture of the scenes, such as they were, which presented themselves to my attention. The book, therefore, claims no higher province than that of offering a rational source of entertainment to the reader in leisure hours."

The scenes through which the author passed are already familiar to most persons; to some from personal observation, to many more from the descriptions of others. But there is such a charm about the natural scenery of Scotland, and its past history is so full of romance, that we never tire of tales concerning it. We love to wander in imagination over its mountains and through its valleys, to cross its beautiful lakes, and visit its cities and towns and castles, that have been immortalized by the stirring events of the past. There is no need of fine writing to awaken an interest in the land for which nature and history have done so much. Mr. Abbott seems to have been fully aware of the natural attractiveness of his subject, and in giving the account of his ramblings, he writes as one would rehearse to a friend the story of a pleasant journey. His style is therefore, from its simplicity, in perfect keeping with his subject, and is marked by those features of naturalness and ease that render his writings generally attractive and instructive.

The description of the passage across the Atlantic, of the habits on board ship, of the arrival in port, and the scenes at the custom-house, are as vivid to the reader as though it were his own experience—and, though these are matters of every-day occurrence to untold multitudes of people, yet this recital of familiar things has a charm about it from its truthfulness, we suppose, as if we were hearing it for the first time. The different places in Scotland, visited by the writer, are all presented to the mind in the same way, until the reader almost believes it is himself who is wandering through "the Collieries," climbing the summit of "Ben Nevis," scrambling upon the cliffs of Staffa, or walking through the halls and chambers of Holyrood, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh castle. The best comment we can make upon the attractiveness of the book, is a feeling which we shared with another person, to whom we read it aloud, and who said, when the last page was finished—"Is that all!—how sorry I am!" Our limits do not permit us to make extracts in confirmation of what we have said; but we have no doubt that all who read the book will justify our remarks, and thank the author for offering to them so pleasant an entertainment.—*Courier*.

ZEAL OF PARTY.—Doctor, afterwards Dean

Maxwell, sitting in company with Dr. Johnson, they talking of the violence of parties, and to what unwarrantable length party men will sometimes run, "Why, yes, sir," says Johnson, "they'll do anything, no matter how odd or desperate, to gain their point; they'll catch hold of the red-hot end of a poker sooner than not get possession of it."

A HINT TO AMUSEMENT DENOUNCERS.—There are people who would say, "Labor is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labor—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation." Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—of the impatience of thought! What will the great mass of men be thinking of, if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement! If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that; if not sensuality, then avarice or ferocity for "the cause of God," as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dulness. To be sure, dulness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand; but then, according to our notions, dulness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people require to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dulness by all work and no play, we are that people. "They took their pleasures sadly," says Froissart, "after their fashion." We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.—*Friends in Council*.

AN ALE CHARM.—During the period when James I. studied the sciences at St. Andrews, under the tuition of the celebrated George Buchanan, every sort of superior learning and knowledge was considered by the illiterate and superstitious vulgar as proceeding from magic, or, as it was usually termed, the black art. On this principle, George Buchanan, on account of his superior attainments in literature, was esteemed a wizard. A poor woman, who kept an alehouse in St. Andrews, and who, by some means or other, had lost all her custom, applied to George for his witchcraft assistance. After some serious conversation, George told her that if she strictly adhered to his instructions, she would soon become very rich. To remove all his doubts, she gave him the strongest assurances of her punctual compliance with his orders. "Then, Maggie," said the learned wizard, "the next time you brew, throw out of the vat six ladles full of water in the de'il's name, turning between each ladle full round on the left; this done, put six ladles full of malt in the vat, in God's name, turning round by the right between each time. And in addition to this, be sure to wear this bandage about your neck, and never open it till the day of your death." Maggie strictly obeyed, and in the course of a few years, accumulated great riches. At her death, the bandage was opened in a solemn manner, when it was found to contain a label of paper, on which were written these words—

"Gin Maggie brew good ale,
She will get good sale."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MOONLIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

WHEN evening, stealing o'er our northern sky,
Has furled the streaming glories of the west;
And night's fair queen, in beauty mounted high,
Pours down her silvery light on nature's breast;
How sweet to linger on the mountain's crest,
And gaze enraptured o'er the midnight scene!
Where all looks mild, and beautiful, and blest,
And heaven itself seems, through the deep serene,
Watching the slumbering earth with eyes of tender sheen.

Soft hour! when Fancy, in her playful dreams,
Flings o'er the human soul her magic power;
While yet the moonlight down the valley streams,
And lights the steps of Youth to Beauty's bower.
How soft the hush of that delightful hour,
When slumber deepens on the hearts of men!
And silence wraps cliff, cairn, and ruined tower,
Unbroken save by torrent of the glen,
And maddening Passion sleeps as ne'er to wake again.

Then blending with the tranquil mountain scene,
The soul forgets her earth-born grief and tears—
Smiles o'er the world with heaven's unclouded queen,

Soothed by the calm that nature's aspect wears;
Then glance her thoughts along a thousand years,
All grasped within that lucid moment's span,
Tracing the light that Glory's pinion bears
On high, to gild the noblest deeds of man;
Alas! how brief the blaze—how flickering, faint,
and wan!

For time's close shadows ever wait around
The paths which Glory's children dare to climb,
Lured by the glittering pomp, and maddening sound
Of trumps, inspiring to heroic crime.
Still earth exults in many a soul sublime,
Whose light hath passed not all with life away;
But shines unchanging o'er the mists of time,
And guides young Genius, with benignant ray,
Through all the blighting storms that mar life's
opening day.

Immortal spirits who have walked the world!
Bards, sages, patriots, born to bless mankind,
Still sweep ye o'er the earth with wings unfurled,
To fan congenial bosoms left behind?
Pouring the sunbeams of the eternal mind
O'er breathing man rejoicing in your lore;
Till springs the soul, unprisoned, unconfined,
Through fields of light o'er earth's wide bounds to
soar,
Where the vast universe unfolds her mighty store.

O! let me oft, when falls this lovely hour,
A moment feel the fire such spirits shed!
Monarchs of nature! who alone have power
To send your deep-toned voices from the dead;
Frown on, ye darkening shadows, o'er my head—
Come, stern Adversity, to fix my fate—
Still nature's glories on my path are spread,
Still gleams of sunshine gild this dark estate,
O'er which my spirit bounds unbroken and elate.

Shall cold disdain from the misjudging proud
One hour the child of thought and feeling wrong;
Shall earthly ills, which daunt the sordid crowd,
Beat down this bosom to the servile throng

Who crouch to glide in Wealth's proud train
along,

And bend at Mammon's shrine the pliant knee?
No—from this mountain whence I pour my song,
Still let me mingle with the great—the free,
Who taught my ardent soul to feel, to hear, to see.

To feel the bliss that fair creation yields,
When light and beauty clothe the earth and sky;
To roam in joy through glens, and groves, and fields,
Or climb the mountain when the night winds sigh
Whate'er delights the heart or charms the eye
Throughout the volume vast by God unrolled,
These are thy birthright, Genius; these thy high
Prerogatives, oh Fancy. Count thy gold,
Son of the clay; our stars are boundless and untold!

HAPPY ALONE.

I AM only happy when alone;
Then I can think of thee,
And hear no harsh discordant tone
To break my reverie.
They tell me that my heart is cold—
Unsocial, too, and strange;
But could they see its inmost fold,
How soon their thoughts would change!

Now thou art absent, every hour
Seems doubled with Despair,
Whose stern supremacy of power
Crushes the bright and fair.
I weary of the shortest day,
Am grateful when 't is flown,
For when night comes, I steal away
To think of thee alone.

I look upon the starry skies,
And worship each small gem;
Because, I think, perhaps thine eyes
Are gazing, too, on them.
And then I wonder if thy love
Be constant as my own,
And if, whilst viewing them above
Thou think'st of me alone.

I mix not with the joyous throng,
Where glad hearts aptly meet;
I never sing thy fav'rite song—
The one you call so sweet—
I keep it, cherish it, for thee;
I call that song my own,
And never is it sung by me
Save when I am alone.

My thoughts, all tending to one source,
Are habited in gloom;
Apparent joy I cannot force—
I never could assume.
To think of thee, morn, noon, and night,
My heart is ever prone,
And all I ask to feel delight
Is but to be alone.

Oh! when wilt thou return again
To change the hue of things?
Time seems to move alone in pain
On dark and sombre wings.
Oh! when wilt thou return to cheer
The heart that's all thine own,
That it may be less sad and drear—
Less happy when alone!

Fraser's Magazine.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH :

THE THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS WHICH LED HIM TO
PROPOSE HIS SCHEME CONCERNING EL DORADO.

SCENE—*The tower, with a lattice that does not admit
a view of the rising or setting sun.*

'Tis long since I have seen the pilgrim-sun
Gird up his garments for the dusky day,
His locks wreathed tight about his decent brow :
'Tis long since I have seen them shaken out
Upon his shoulders—when the modest youth
Reels to his couch, like tired Bacchanal ;
The rich clouds hanging glory round his path.
But *something* I can see—the comely moon,
With well-filled horn, shines in a summer sky
That grows not dark till morn!—now like a bow
Drawn by aerial archer—yon bright star,
An arrow that hath parted from the string,
Is on its way—and now she is a bark
Ploughing a summer sea, so calmly blue !
Such as round fairy islands of the west
Flows breathlessly. Ah ! that *such* bark were
mine.

This prison, smaller than a cabin, hath
No such sweet progress ; in its arms we sleep
For aye forgotten as in Death's small crib.
Its profitless confinement bears not onward !
Hark ! there are merry tones of children round me,
Music that steals as from the gate of heaven
To hell's deep womb—huge fireworks that mimic
Those strange appearances by Genii wrought
Amid autumnal clouds—cities in flame,
And men that fight and die. Yon colored lamps
Oustrival dew-drops of the morn, or gems
Deep in the earth. Oh ! that I could wring out
From demon-miners treasures hid in vain,
Like love in the sick hearts of pallid nuns.
Could I but bear some here, forgiveness, fame,
Might dance around me—better far than these,
Action, that tide that stirs the stagnant blood—
Courage that thrown upon a dung-heap mounts
Once more its fiery horse. What do I here !
I have schooled my boiling thoughts, and learnt and
taught

What meek-eyed sages tell, with rocky brow,
And hearts that beat calm as an infant's breath—
I had given back my birthright, but for *whom* ?
Not to the winds—not to *thee*, marble death !
Yet thou hast trampled on it—*thou* hast rent
The precious crucible in which 't was poured ;
Thou hast enclosed within a narrow tomb
A spirit linked with mine. Six months ago
And I was busy as a clerk could be
Conning the golden past, whence fancy mounts,
And feeding for his* roots a noble stream—
Now 'tis a river locked within a cave,
Having no egress. Now I weave no more
The mingled web of acts and lessons wise.
Six months ago, and he was like a bee,
Sucking in nectar from the flowers that lay
Opening beneath my sun, and giving back
The honey of sweet praise, and dearer love,
And dearest sympathy. I was to him
A lofty hill, around whose storm-swept peaks

* Prince Henry, for whom Raleigh wrote his "History of the World."

His thoughts like clouds might gather ;—he is
gone—

I was not near to soothe his dying head ;
And yet my cordials, drawn from many an herb,
Sedulously sought in days of liberty,
On home and foreign shores, relieved thy pain
The very hour before thy soul took flight.
Sweet noble prince ! who even so *early* learnt
The combat between subject, filial love,
And sense of right—a royal love of greatness.
The serpent breeds the eagle, and *some* say
It *stung* him too—may God forgive the thought !
Sweet moon, thou 'rt shining as thou shon'st that
night

Upon his torch-lit funeral—lighting now
His sister's bridal train—it follows quick—
The nation's tears are dry—my well of grief
Is what it *was*. My land, too, it is gone.
The scenes of pleasures sweet, and graceful toil—
My walks and stately trees, given to a *thing*
Polluting what it crawls o'er ; and I begged,
I sent my gentle wife to beg in *rain*—
That *his* FAIR dawn might not be clouded o'er
With *such* a veil—that his free hand might pause
Ere it cut down the old paternal tree,
Yielding its fruit to feed my little ones.

(*His wife enters.*)

My own Elizabeth ! the time seems long
That thou hast left me—wert thou gazing down
Upon this pageant city—dost *thou*, too,
Forget the grave, and him who sleeps therein ?
My thoughts have ranged over *all* past, all fu-
ture ;—

I thought on *thee*, when for *thy* sake the first
I slept within a prison's walls, and knew
Its gloomy leisure, and of our sweet babe
That, like a flower in a dark cavern, cheered
The blackness of the place—and of *this* king,
A sterner master in his boyishness
Than our old prudish mistress *ever* was,
Whom the domestic charities have taught
No lessons of sweet wisdom. I have dreamt
Of freedom, my beloved !—not as *thou* wilt,
A pastoral cot within a lonely vale.
No ; England's woods may *never* leaf and fade
Over *my* brows ; and quiet streams are ill
Companions for the *wild* at heart. I see
Vast wealth, bright mines of gold, and beauty
strange,

That will not dim mine eyes with girlish tears,
Where deep and boundless rivers teach to flow
A nobler tide within the human heart,
And mountains, standing like Omnipotence,
Rise *above* earthly things ! My boy, too, goes—
My gallant Walter !—either to wreath his brow
As *trees* in their young spring, or die wrapt round
In his *first* glory. Thou, my dear, wilt live
With our young poet René—let him dream
Of glorious cities, and untrodden seas,
And beauteous *monsters*—only named *so*,
Because their forms, like angels, are *not known* ;
And let him hang above thee as a bow
Over the Autumn woods, whose changing leaf
Hath glory, beauty, tenderness, *not seen*
In their rich prime. *Now* leave me, my beloved.
I write a letter, worded cautiously,
To this royal pedant, hung with golden phrase
Of wealth, to tempt his pleasure and his pride !

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, 18 March.

DEPUTATIONS from all nations and of all colors have been formally received and eloquently answered by the provisional government at the Hotel de Ville—Hungarians, Greeks, Norwegians, British, Swiss: one of negroes and mulattoes from the Antilles. These gentlemen expressed their gratitude to the republic for the plan of abolition about to be executed. The chairman of the official committee on the subject is another *Garrison*, though probably of more talents and acquirements. His name is *Schrellcher*. He has travelled extensively in the western and eastern worlds, for the purpose of becoming closely acquainted with domestic bondage in both. His book on Egypt is, generally, one of the best extant. Full abolition is to be speedily proclaimed, and something has been said of indemnity to the masters; but nothing will be given. An insurrection in Martinique and Guadeloupe may be the consequence of the news from France. Lamartine and Arago are strenuous enemies to negro slavery, and the dispositions of their colleagues towards our slave-holding states are not, we may presume, more favorable than those of the two master-spirits. The French colonies are to be represented in the national assembly on an equal footing, in every respect, with the metropolitan districts.

In the answer to the very numerous German deputations, it was intimated that new France expected a German republic, national and federal; an idea which appears to have taken root throughout the whole confederation. A parliament is proposed to be elected by the people, and to represent the people's interests, as the Frankfort diet does those of the sovereigns. This (observes the *Paris Journal des Débats*) will quickly ripen into a vast federative republic.

The procession of American citizens to the Hotel de Ville was stated in the *Constitutionnel* to consist of five thousand! In most of the other papers it was reckoned at five hundred. The real number did not exceed two hundred and fifty. The *National* made the aged Mr. Ervix the spokesman, and dubbed him the former *ambassador* of the United States in Spain. It was Mr. Goodrich who, in fact, read the address; a decorous composition, without the pith and point which the occasion warranted. In the newspaper reports, the Americans, when the two flags were offered as emblems of alliance, shouted, "Yes, we swear alliance on our blood!" This is French, not American. Several members of the procession have assured me that no such exclamation was heard. We should all remember Washington's proclamation of neutrality and his warnings, which Mr. Jefferson repeated, against "entangling alliances." We may well rejoice if a true republic should be solidly established in this great country; but we should be content to await the issue of the undertaking before we talk or think of a

league. There has not been a period when it behoved the United States to keep more cautiously aloof from European concerns and struggles. Our Union has a sufficient and glorious character for Europe as a model and an asylum. The most vehement and active of the Paris projectors of a republic do not, I have reason to fear, relish what we prize in our institutions—unity in the executive, a senate, an independent judiciary, competent to decide on the constitutionality of laws. Continued *centralization*, or the dominion of the capital over the rest of the country, they are not at all inclined to renounce. The provisional government has dispatched into each of the eighty-two departments a commissary, or proconsul, with indefinite, despotic powers. It has been obliged to proclaim that judges are not to be arbitrarily cashiered, this having been done in a way to cause even popular complaints.

The Edinburgh and Glasgow correspondents of the London press mention that the riotous mobs in those cities were dispersed by heavy showers of rain. In Paris we have been lucky in the very inclement weather since the Three Days of February. Pelting storms and wet nights have served to keep within some shelter masses who might have proved exceedingly troublesome in the streets under a fair sky. Though March be still acting the lion, every hour has its long processions of the working classes, in a plight which truly needs some reform. You could not, in all the Union, muster such a display of *ragamuffinism* as we witness in the assemblages of the new national guards. It is to the promiscuous mixture with these, and being subject to their suffrages in the elections for officers, as decreed by the provisional government, that the old or citizen guards have taken the strongest exception and antipathy. Yesterday (17th March) a call was made on the latter, by their committees, to repair in a body to the Hotel de Ville, with an earnest remonstrance. Accordingly some sixty thousand appeared, at different rendezvous, but they found the square before the hotel in possession of an immense mob, with whom they thought it wise not to risk a conflict. Their committees were admitted and heard. The government rebuked them for setting the bad example of a large convocation, though wholly unarmed: no redress could be promised. This day the example has been followed with a vengeance. Forty or fifty thousand of the *people*, so called, took up the line, in bodies great and small, without arms, banners flying, to the Champs Elysées; when, after having been duly marshalled, they hied to the Hotel de Ville, in counter-manifestation to the old guards. The substantial classes and strangers were seized with alarm; the money-changers closed their shops; the jewellers trembled, and withdrew their cases; the Boulevards were thronged with tatterdemalions and spectators of every description. I wished to ride to the Boulevard *Bonne Nouvelle* on an errand; the driver of a cabriolet, an old acquaintance, observed to me, "You would do better to postpone your ride; that *canaille* may prove troublesome."

On my return home, between one and two o'clock, we contemplated from my balcony, on the Rue de Rivoli, the grand expedition, along the opposite quay, to the Hotel de Ville; each trade and club with its standard-bearer, and the multitudinous portion, having no trade at all, with fancy flags, here and there red caps, red sashes, contrasting with the blue over-shirt abundantly squalid.

Forty large democratic clubs are now organized in the capital, and there will be twice or thrice the number before the meeting of the national assembly. The grave professors of the Sorbonne have formed themselves into a debating society on matters of scientific and literary administration and instruction. Le Verrier, the astronomer, figures as an orator. His elocution and person authorize to expect success, like that of La Place in days of yore, and Arago at this epoch.

The *Moniteur* of this day reports the number of the assemblage yesterday about the Hotel de Ville at a hundred and fifty thousand. More than four columns of that journal are occupied with the address of the patriots and the answers of three members of the government—Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and Lamartine. The address is concise, nervous, and well written. It demanded the removal of all regular troops from Paris, and the postponement for some weeks of both the elections for the national assembly and those for the officers of the national guards. Time was needed, according to the patriots, to baffle counter-revolutionary machinations, which jeopardized the revolution and the public peace. You must know that the garrison of the capital had been reduced from twelve to four regiments of infantry, and the number of the national guards raised from eighty thousand to two hundred and thirty-two thousand, for the department of the Seine. By this time a hundred and fifty thousand new guards are organized in the provinces. A circular of the minister of war proclaims that all the corps of the regular army are open to volunteers, and these are invited to present themselves without delay. The answers of the three members of the government are marked by honorable spirit, sound sense, and lively chagrin at the style and purport of the address. Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin are the extreme radicals of the seven, but they adventured a mild rebuke of a manifestation which might be interpreted into a scheme to overawe and dictate. "We are ready to go with you, to live for you, to die for you, if necessary; but we must not be constrained. You represent Paris, not all France. You must be content to allow us to deliberate and to hear from the provinces." Lamartine told the deputies that the government should be free like themselves, and would consent to be killed rather than be coerced. To be respected, it must be free in appearance as well as fact; and therefore such assemblages had an unfortunate effect for all parties. He assured them that the troops in Paris, were not more than fifteen hundred or two thousand, kept for the purpose of relieving the national guards at the various posts. A spokesman of the people interrupted

Ledru Rollin, saying, "Be assured that, on our side, we are ready to die for you, it being well understood that you *serve our rights*." Another observed to Lamartine, "Take what time you please to deliberate or decide, but we shall not leave this hall without a positive answer for the people." The government stood firm on the point of taking their own time; some of the delegates acquiesced; the multitude gradually defiled. This was an affair of several hours. Bands paraded in the evening, and compelled the inhabitants of all the streets through which they passed, to illuminate for their convenience. The Rue de Rivoli was quickly in a blaze. The professors and other members of the Irish ecclesiastical seminary, of the Faubourg St. Germain, who had tendered their adhesion at the Hotel de Ville at noon, were escorted home by a detachment who compelled them to cry, "*Vive la Republique! Down with Henry Fifth!*"

I have dwelt upon yesterday's work, because it illustrates the present state of things. We have the ominous fact that the movers of the clubs and the operatives can, in fifteen hours, convoke and marshal a hundred thousand or more men and lads. They are masters when they list; literally, we are without garrison, armed protection of any kind, or even civil police. It is conjectured that the assemblage was rather encouraged by some of the provisional ministry and their friends, as an admonition to the old national guards about their relative weakness, if they should persist in unwelcome requisitions. The *National*, the special organ of the higher radical party, says, this morning, that the people went to pledge their aid to the government, and by such a demonstration, on the whole, taught the conspirators for regency and royalty the vanity of all their hopes. The two demands, however, are disapproved; the army is pronounced to be dangerous to the enemies of the republic alone. But we know that the troops in the neighborhood of Paris, and even those who usefully garrison the distant cities, are now dissatisfied; it is evident, from a recent circular of the minister of war, that they are distrusted. The effort of the mob to exclude them utterly from the capital is not fitted to conciliate their spirit. Our demagogues are too shrewd to imagine the provisional government capable of seeking military protection, or betraying the cause of republicanism in the election. The inference is that they, the demagogues, will have no soldiery near, because they wish to rule without any restraint, and will, of course, rule thus the longer, if the meeting of the national assembly be deferred. Some complaisance must be shown to that body, as representing the sovereignty of the nation, when it shall be installed in the capital.

We find no end to new journals, such as the *Moniteur of the Clubs*, the *Voice of the Clubs*, and the daily list of these associations is equally curious for its extent and the titles which indicate the composition and purpose of each. A German Republican Propagandist Society, consisting of many thousands, is just advertised. The Polish Demo-

eratic Society, which was founded in 1832, and boasts sixteen hundred members, is sanguinely active. All the subsequent revolutionary transactions in Poland, especially the Cracow affair, originated with it, and most of the political and military champions went from its bosom. *Vive Henri Cinq* has been shouted by various bands, in our streets; some of the vociferous were arrested yesterday. An eminent legitimist informed me in the evening that a letter of the Duke of Bordeaux exhorts his partisans to make no movement in his favor, not even in the national assembly, he despairing of any success under immediate circumstances, and preferring a trial of republicanism by the French as the best result for his cause.

Doubts are entertained that the provisional government will last until the meeting of the national assembly, and that the Paris radicals will suffer the meeting at all, in case the elections do not seem to assure their purpose. The *National* puts as inevitable the alternative of a republican constitution or a civil war. We can charitably suppose that the adhesions of so many of the old civil and military dignities to the provisional government proceed less from fear or servility, than from a conviction of the doom of all royalty, and a desire to coöperate in the establishment of *some* government which may maintain social order and respect for the rights of person and property. The provisional rulers perform wonders, and are not wanting in resolution; yet they possess no power except the moral; they are criticised by open and secret adversaries; for several weeks we have been in virtual *anarchy*, without bloodshed, it is true, after the Three Days, yet tumultuous, imperious, and insatiable.

The financial situation darkens the political horizon. You will remark, in Galignani's Messenger, the decrees rendering the notes of the Bank of France a legal tender—making the old exchange-bills convertible into government stock, or payable in specie six months hence—imposing additional taxes on real property, and so forth. The burdens and the task left by the Orleans monarchy to the treasury department are tremendous; the fiscal expedients strike every one as happy and bold, or necessary; every honest mind must wish them to triumph over the crisis. Few observers of the whole scene feel confidence. All the great bankers have either stopped, or suspended, or are winding up—none pay specie, except in small sums as a favor; instead of the ten thousand bales of cotton which came daily from Havre, scarcely a hundred are brought for the factories; the government expends large sums, and exercises much ingenuity in employing the myriads of laborers, but those who cannot find work increase constantly, and the public funds are not a Fortunatus' purse. The annual "mouvement" of strangers in Paris was estimated at 100,000, with lavish disbursement; now, there is a rapid emigration, not likely to be replaced; the foreigners who remain, hoard, like the Parisians who have any money; sales, except of newspapers, are diminished one half; rents at least a third. Nevertheless, *vive la republique!*

Paris, 19 March, 1848.

Yesterday, comparative tranquillity. The provisional government has issued a proclamation thanking the "two hundred thousand" citizens for the manifestation on the 17th, by which they, the government, considered their powers as confirmed. The elections of the officers of the national guards are postponed until the 5th of next month. The *effective* is now one hundred and ninety thousand three hundred. In the official *Moniteur*, the assemblage of the 17th was stated at one hundred and fifty thousand. A third of this figure or cipher may be deducted. We have an address to the new guards by the commander-in-chief, *Courtais*, superlatively high-flown. He celebrates their manifestation, and asks in what other country so much "dignity in independence," so much of the true majesty of the people, would have been displayed by such a multitude. He promises arms to all, expresses his pride in the manner in which they defied before him, and adds, "If I could indulge the ambition of a title, it would be that of *General of the People*." There were some very edifying incidents. For example: when the van of the march to the Hotel de Ville arrived at the "wharf of the jewellers," the shop-keepers hastened to shut their windows and doors. The heads of the different trades went to them and begged them to desist. "Do not appear to think that we mean to pillage." At the same time the ranks cried out, "Open, open; fear nothing; we are honest people." Not an article was touched. All the windows and tops of the houses, and the walls and chains of the bridge, adjacent to the Hotel were thronged with spectators. One of the peculiarities was the number of priests in the crowd in their clerical attire. Occasionally, they were greeted with the cry, *Vive la Religion!* The *Journal des Débats* of this morning, while it admits and applauds the sobriety of the manifestations of the 16th and 17th, reasonably expostulates touching the undeniable effects of such monster-convocations and parades. "You complain that the rich, the people of property, the strangers, abandon the capital. If you would keep them, take the only efficacious means; do not terrify them. Your intentions may be good and your demeanor peaceable, but your numbers excite alarm; they feel that they are at your mercy, and they cannot be sure that your moderation will last under all circumstances."

The first paragraph of the *Débats* has a pregnant import: "The main desideratum for the country at this moment is *confidence*. We labor under a mysterious and terrible ill—that of *fear*: a distemperature the more dangerous, inasmuch as it is aggravated by most of the remedies proposed; it must be left to work its own cure. Yet, if confidence do not revive, all the efforts of the government to arrest the progress of the commercial and financial crisis will be vain, and who can say into what an abyss our country will fall!" The strictures of this once potent organ of the

court and Guizot ministry, on the proceedings of the Bank of France and the fiscal devices of the government, betray the cloven foot; they tend to impair confidence on the very topic of highest difficulty and pressure. Specie enough remains in Paris for all ordinary purposes—more than enough in the provinces; the French are not at all accustomed to paper-money; the remembrance of the assignants is lively; hence, chiefly, distrust and general eagerness to secure and retain specie. The London editors advise their countrymen to send gold hither for profitable exchange, and to pay their French debts with the notes purchased. This has been commenced. Living has become dearer, not, probably, from a depreciated currency, but from the apprehension that popular disorders may prevent the usual supply of provisions. It is announced to-day that business grows worse, in consequence of many fresh failures of merchants and manufacturers, which must induce a suspension of labor in a number of considerable establishments. In my walks, an hour ago, I was accosted by more beggars, chiefly wretched women and children, than I had seen in all my perambulations in any month before the revolution. It must be acknowledged that, in the journals the most democratic, and among the masses, there is an almost universal profession and a general sense of the paramount importance of order—of respect for person and property. It seems to me, besides, that the *prolétaires* who cover the pavements are less rough and rude than under the late régime;—studied civility towards the well-dressed pedestrians is frequent. One of the new oracles—*La Liberté*, observes, “We deal with a serious problem—*dégager du suffrage universel une terrible inconnue.*”

The *National*, of this day, says:—“We concede—let there be no alarm—that our revolution is a social one, it is a pledge of future security—a guarantee of all interests. Europe must undergo the same reform. In Great Britain accounts must be settled with the starving people.” The *National* proceeds to argue soundly that France is more auspiciously circumstanced for the mighty process and final equity of adjustment and distribution than Great Britain, whose oligarchy and finances must break down under the pauperism of Ireland and her own island. This journal pleads again for an entire “radical republican reform” in the French army, and a familiar, close contact and intercourse of the troops with the people. It reports that the government commission for national defence against any foreign aggression has labored indefatigably, and resolved on various measures likely to satisfy all patriotic wishes. It tells us, also, that the bureau opened at the mint for receiving gold and silver utensils to be exchanged for hard-money, is “encumbered” with applicants and articles. It rejoices, because more specie will be coined for circulation; a million of pieces with the republican stamp, may be furnished

per day. But the quantity of plate offered implies a sad stagnation in sale and value of other personal goods.

Each morning, as we open the official *Moniteur*, we expect to be startled by some new edicts of the government. This day there is none of moment. A statue, on the spot on which he was shot, is decreed to Marshal Ney; and a new prefect of police for the department of the Seine is appointed. Yesterday, in a discourse to the club of the national guard, Lamartine reminded them that under the republic the government belonged not to the comparatively small number who had achieved the revolution, or to the few individuals placed accidentally at the head of affairs, but to the *thirty-five millions of French*; and that unless their *rights* were observed, and property, life and order held inviolate, the term republic would dismay, instead of consoling, animating, and regenerating the world. An official despatch from Berlin brings the declaration of Russia, that she will abstain from all interference in the affairs of France, as long as the latter does not assail foreign countries. Yesterday, the British ambassador inquired, amicably, of the minister of foreign affairs, what was meant by the formal reception at the Hotel de Ville, of the *Irish* flag. Lamartine replied that France acknowledged no other national flag than that of the three united kingdoms; nothing contrary had been done, though French sympathies for Ireland, religious and liberal, were emphatically expressed. The proclamations of the new governor-general of Algeria promise all sorts of republican benefits to the army and the inhabitants. We may hope some share for the Arabs and some generosity to Abd-el-Kader.

Our foreign mails teem with interest, with huge facts. *Repeal* is accomplished in Sicily; the island holds as a dependency on the crown of Naples; we may fear that it will be, in reality, a British possession; the most eloquent of the Italian preachers, Father Ventura proposes, in an able pamphlet, that the college of cardinals should be organized into a Roman senate correlative to the legislative assembly to be elected by the people. You will see a cogent demand made on Pius IX. for a constitution, and his beautiful answer in the affirmative. Holland is at once converted into a constitutional monarchy, with a substitution of liberal for conservative ministers. All the princes of Germany are compounding with their old, much neglected, and much injured creditors, the masses of town and country. The royalties and aristocratic orders will have to pay dearly for the abjection of their subjects. Formidable riots in Flanders. The misery of the lower classes in Belgium has been extreme for many years. Serious, even sanguinary, tumults in Berlin. The king of Prussia trembles, and yields much; the answer which he delivered on the 14th inst., to the municipal council of Berlin, is a curiosity.

From the Newspapers.

A CONGRESS of German princes, convoked by Austria and Prussia, will be held at Dresden on the 25th inst.

A LETTER from Naples states that Mehemet Ali had arrived there on the 7th inst., and taken up his residence in one of the royal palaces. He came ashore from the steamer in the English admiral's barge, and was warmly received by the people. The *Superb*, the *Trafalgar*, the *Hibernia*, and some large steamers belonging to the English fleet were in the harbor, and the city is represented as being in consequence unusually gay. "Vesuvius," says the letter, "is now in a very eruptive state, and presents a magnificent appearance. It is worth while coming here for the sole purpose of beholding the mountain for a single night."

THERE have been some disturbances at Saint Malo and Granville, the people having opposed the embarkation of cattle for England. At Saint Malo, the freedom of trade was maintained; but at Granville, part of the national guard made common cause with the disturbers, and the embarkation was prevented.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*Sitting of March 13.*—A report was read on a communication by M. Picquot, relative to an alimentary plant from South America, to which he proposes to give the name of Picquotiane. The root of this plant yields a flour which is stated to have highly nutritive properties.—Several communications, without striking interest, were received respecting comets.—A paper was received from M. Martins on the temperature of the sea at great depths near Spitzberg. At a depth of 780 metres the temperature is stated to be always above zero of the centigrade scale.—A letter was read from M. Poggiale, professor of the Val de Grâce, on the effects of the preparation called aldehyde in producing insensibility to pain. M. Poggiale gives an account of some experiments, tending to show that the aldehyde is equal in effect to sulphuric ether, and free from the dangers attending that preparation—M. Poggiale even gives it a preference over chloroform.—The other communications in this sitting were without further interest.

THE *Piedmontese Gazette* of the 13th announces the settlement of the differences between Sicily and Naples. The king, adhering to the demands of his subjects beyond the Faro, has published several decrees, sanctioning the following measures:—A minister, secretary of state for the affairs of Sicily, will reside with the king at Naples, when the latter does not reside in Sicily. Don Gaetano Scavazzo is named forthwith to this post. A general parliament is convoked in Sicily to adapt the constitution of 1812 to the present times, and to provide for the wants of Sicily; the dependence from the same king being admitted for the integrity of the monarchy. The chamber of peers and commons will meet at Palermo on the 25th inst. A lieutenant-

general will be appointed in Sicily by the king, either from among the princes of the blood, or the distinguished personages of the island.

THE King of Prussia has issued a decree, convoking the united diet of the kingdom at Berlin on the 27th of April. The grave and difficult circumstances in which the kingdom is at present placed, and the necessity of leading to a real regeneration of the Germanic confederation, and enabling Germany to resume the rank belonging to her in Europe, are alleged as the reasons for this step.

A MEETING of masters and chiefs of industry took place yesterday at the Luxembourg under the presidency of M. Louis Blanc. In a speech with which he commenced the business of the day, M. Blanc, after having reminded his hearers that the men who a month ago were the objects of persecution or ridicule, had sat in the palace of one of the fallen powers, said that the peril would be great for the holders of capital and the instruments of labor, if they longer refused the concessions which the natural progress of ideas, and the great act of emancipation just accomplished, commanded. In the course of his speech M. Blanc said that all oppressions were odious to him, and that he would no more accept that of the workman over the master, than of the master over the workman. This was warmly applauded. The assembly then proceeded to elect a permanent committee of ten members, who, with the ten permanent delegates chosen among the workmen, will have to assist the commission of the Luxembourg in all its studies and investigations.

THE following proclamation of the Emperor of Austria was posted up at Vienna on the 15th:—

We, Ferdinand I., by the grace of God, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, King of Lombardy, Venice, etc., etc., have adopted measures which we have recognized as necessary to meet the wishes of our *faithful* people. The liberty of the press is accorded in virtue of our declaration abolishing the censorship. A national guard, established on the bases of property and intelligence, already renders excellent service. Arrangements have been made to convoke, with the shortest delay possible, deputies from all the provincial states, and from the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, with a more numerous representation of the burgess order, and with proper regard to the existing provincial constitutions, in order to submit to them the constitution which we have resolved to give to the country. In consequence, we firmly expect that men's minds will calm down; that artisans will return peaceably to their occupations; and that studies will be resumed. We indulge the more in this hope, that we have been able this day to convince ourselves with emotion, when in the midst of you, that the sentiments of fidelity and attachment which for centuries you have not ceased to testify to our ancestors, and which you have on all occasions evinced towards us, continue still to animate you as before.

A VIENNA letter states that Prince Metternich has taken refuge on the Rhine, and the princess in Silesia.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.